The Mother's Influence on Phillips Brooks

With a Short Sketch of The Episcopal Church

E. L. MACMAHON

BX
5995
B8M3
copy2

FT MEADE
GenColl

Class _____

Book _____

PRESENTED BY

_____

TO
MY MOTHER

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE ON PHILLIPS BROOKS

WITH A

SHORT SKETCH OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

BY

E. L. MACMAHON

"By their fruits you shall know them"

COPLEY SQUARE POST OFFICE
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1916

BX5995
.B8M3
copy 2

Copyright, 1916, by
E. L. MACMAHON
All rights reserved

Gift
Virginia Theological Seminary
Sept. 12, 1941.

THE COMMERCIAL PRESS, RANDOLPH, MASS.

CONTENTS

Chapter		Pages
I.	Family Life. Boyhood. College. . . .	1-19
II.	Alexandria. Prayer. "The Question of Questions." Philadelphia. The Civil War. .	20-35
III.	The Child's Priceless Friendship and Experiences.	36-47
IV.	Frederick and Arthur Brooks. The Boston Fire. The Old and the New Trinity Church. .	48-52
V.	The British Church. The Holy Catholic Church. Great Churchmen.	53-66
VI.	The Orator. The Point of Contact or Apperception.	66-72
VII.	The Making of Character. Miracles. The Mother's Judgment.	73-78
VIII.	The Death of Father and Mother. The Ringing of the Rectory Bell.	79-86
IX.	The Decision of the People. The Bishop. "Forever with the Lord." "Who Is Lord but Christ."	87-101

NOTE—For the source of the materials I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to: My mother; my own experience; "The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," vols. I, II, by Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1900; the sermons and addresses by Phillips Brooks published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; to various other publications, and to the "Boston Evening Transcript" and "The Boston Herald."

E. L. MACMAHON.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE ON PHILLIPS BROOKS

BY

E. L. MACMAHON

CHAPTER I

FAMILY LIFE · BOYHOOD · COLLEGE

ABOUT five minutes' walk from the historic Common in Boston, and before the Public Garden was dreamed of, there lived a boy named Phillips Brooks in the house, 56 High Street, wherein he was born on December 13, 1835, and when he was four years old a dreadful thing happened to him — his teacher told him he must write a composition. He went home crying, but with slight aid and much loving encouragement he wrote his composition on "The Elephant." Sometime before this crisis in the boy's life his elder brother, aged five, conceived the brilliant idea of hiring a horse and buggy and giving Philly a ride down hill in North Andover, where the family spent many summers, and upon the refusal of the father and mother to consent to this adventure the howls of the boys became as loud as two strong pairs of lungs could make them.

After a while there were more brothers and the six boys had the most beautiful times, especially in summer, sometimes in their uncle's home but generally at North Andover

in the old homestead. Of course they tried riding down hill in an empty wagon, and on one occasion they crashed into a fence, breaking the shaft and other parts of the light wagon. Another time they put up the blinds to the village store windows, shutting themselves in while the master was away, and explored its contents. For this prank they carried home to their mother in Boston a serious document from their aunt complaining of their mischievous behaviour. When Philly was seven he wrote a mighty good letter to his mother about some pears, to which he signed himself "Your affect Friend, Phillips Brooks."

One evening in 3 Rowe Street, to which the family had moved in 1843, and where Frederick, Arthur and John were born, William, Phillips and George were sitting around the table with their slates and pencils and books, and Phillips was amusing himself by trying to see how far down his throat he could put a new, freshly sharpened pencil without swallowing it, when suddenly it went down and then he asked his mother what would happen to any one who swallowed a slate pencil whole. She said, "I suppose it would kill him." He said nothing more but waited for the slate pencil to begin its deadly work.

When Phillips was eight years old he was transferred to the Public Grammar on Mason Street. When school was out instead of going with the other boys to play on the Common he went straight home. He was never active in the games of his school-fellows, probably because he was growing so fast that he had no strength left after school to play rough games and for tom-fooling, for when he was fourteen he was five feet eleven inches tall and weighed 133 pounds. He entered the Boston Latin School at the age of eleven and stayed five years; while there he took a vow: "I, Phillips Brooks, do hereby promise and pledge myself to study, henceforward, to the best of my ability. P. Brooks."

Upon moving to Boston in 1833 the Brookses went at first to Dr. Frothingham's church because he had married a cousin, and both Will and Phil were baptized by him in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In 1835, however, the schism between Trinitarians and Unitarians had become complete and definite, and Dr. Frothingham, preaching on the subject, said that there was nothing in the Bible to warrant the belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, nor in the Atonement by Christ. This confirmed what Mrs. Brooks already knew, that she and her minister were at odds on religion, the one vital element in the training and the education of her children. Religion to Mrs. Brooks was a personal love for a Personal God, and she believed that "the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 7:13). The gift is IN CHRIST, not through Christ, for she believed that Christ is not only the Messenger but the message, and that eternal life cannot be received apart from Christ, and that the Gospel is the revelation of the possibility of reconciliation with God through relationship to Christ. In her dilemma she turned to the Episcopal Church, and had many conferences with its leaders in Boston and especially with the rector of St. Paul's Church on Tremont Street, opposite the Common. Dr. Stone was a strong and eloquent preacher who deeply moved the hearts of his congregation and by his winning personality daily confirmed the impression he made in the pulpit. He explained the faith and forms of the Episcopal Church to Mrs. Brooks and went over the Book of Common Prayer, explaining in detail its origin, history and meaning. The baptism of William and Phillips was discussed as they had been baptized by Dr. Frothingham, but Dr. Stone decided that re-baptism was unnecessary because the two boys had been baptized in the Name of the Trinity. In 1839 Mrs. Brooks and her sister, Miss Susan Phillips, were admitted into the Episcopal

Church, Philly being then only three years old, for he would not be four till the middle of December, therefore, from the earliest recollections of Phillips Brooks St. Paul's was his church-home. His father wrote a year later that although he found the Morning Service of the Episcopal Church rather long the Afternoon Service just suited him, and nothing would induce him to return to Dr. Frothingham. In 1840 Mrs. Brooks was confirmed and later her sister was also admitted into the full privileges of the Episcopal Church by confirmation.

On Christmas Day, 1846, Phil's father noticed that it was more observed as a religious festival than ever before, the prominent stores, the offices on the great business wharves and the insurance places being closed the entire day, and the churches were crowded — quite a contrast to the time when the Puritans passed a law that any person caught celebrating Christmas Day should be fined five shillings.

In 1847 Mr. Brooks was confirmed in St. Paul's Church, so in that year he celebrated Christmas Day as it should be, by "receiving" at the Lord's Supper.

When Phillips was six years old the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D. became the rector of St. Paul's Church. He was the foremost preacher in the Church and remarkably influential in her administrative councils. Dr. Vinton passed the test also for muscular Christianity, for his noble presence was immortalized by the City of Boston in the Soldiers' Monument on the historic Common in the act of blessing the departure of the troops for the front in the Civil War. As in all teaching the personality of the teacher is supreme, it is well to grasp the personality of Dr. Vinton and the fact that his mother had been the greatest influence that had shaped his character, and she had filled his home life, as Mrs. Brooks was filling the home life, with her powerful presence. Dr. Vinton had studied for the medical

profession, and had been a practicing physician while having only an intellectual conviction of Christianity, but as soon as he became a follower of Christ he gave himself immediately to the Church, for to him "to be a Christian and to be a Christian minister went together." His vital experience during the training for and practice in the medical profession helped him profoundly to be an ideal pastor to his people, for he then gained, and never lost, that marvelous quickness of perception and observation. His sixteen years as rector of St. Paul's Church was one of the most effective Boston ever had, and coming upon the close of the short but powerful ministry of Dr. Stone it had a grand chance of making itself felt upon the Church in particular and the community in general. The most prominent thing about Dr. Vinton beside his physical greatness and his mental vigor was his intense love for Christ and his marvelous gift of making religion seem to the young people of Boston the most natural, the manliest, the greatest and most glorious thing in all the world, and one of his means of reaching the hearts and helping to form the characters of the future citizens of this country was through his Bible class, in which he carefully taught and trained the mothers. This Bible class Mrs. Brooks attended faithfully, and she passed on to her six boys through her own personality what she there learned. Dr. Vinton insisted that the parents of his Sunday School children and his teachers should attend these classes. These public addresses for religious training went out of fashion because the clergy did not prepare themselves sufficiently as to methods and subjects. But in the time of the training of the Brooks boys they were a part of the lives of the intellectual mothers of those days, and of the Sunday School teachers. At Trinity Church there was a strong public training class of the same kind as Dr. Vinton's, at which the mother of the present writer was not only catechised most severely before the congre-

gation, but made to tell how she intended to convey her knowledge to her class on the next Sunday. She was not only compelled to give clear reasons for the faith she possessed, but to express how she intended to convey that faith to the members of her class. In England such classes were common, and men like Gladstone and other notables attended them on Sunday afternoons.

The Brooks pew was a little over half way down the middle aisle from the chancel of St. Paul's, number 60, and the Morgan pew was the last one on the middle aisle on the opposite side. Though the pews were high and antique it was utterly impossible in the Brooks pew for any boy over five feet in height to "crunch down" or even double up in such a way that Dr. Vinton, a giant among men, could not see whether he were attentive or not to the service of worship or to the sermon.

It is curious to note that the greatest American churchman and the greatest American financier, John Pierpont Morgan, should have attended St. Paul's Church and Sunday School, and should have come under the wonderful spiritual teaching and personality of the Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D. D. It was at St. Paul's Church then that Phillips Brooks learned to love the Episcopal Church and the Book of Common Prayer, both of which became integral parts of his life. Yet his earliest recollection of his religious training was by his dear mother's side, and when her boys were in bed, just as they were going to sleep, she told them Bible stories. On Sundays the whole family went twice to church, and while the boys were in Sunday School their mother taught a class in the mission on Purchase Street, where also the mother of the writer taught, as well as in Trinity Sunday School. Sunday evenings the Brooks boys learned hymns and recited them so that by the time Phillips went to college he could repeat about two hundred hymns, and he never forgot them. When he

was twelve years old he kept a notebook in which he learned to record accurate observations.

At the Boston Latin School the pupils had a thorough training in the classics and in the fundamentals. Most of Phillips' compositions were carefully preserved. His first subject was "California," the next one was "Slavery," and when he was fourteen he wrote "The Evils of War" and "The Pleasures of Memory," the latter almost received the highest mark, and in it the home is the uppermost thought. In an essay written the same year, called "Solitude," he revealed a deep quality and a freedom prophetic of the future.

At home the boys were told of the evil suggestions lurking to catch the unwary in current and past literature, and therefore the parents were most careful that no injurious religious or secular teaching should run counter to what they believed was the truth, and no books were allowed in the home which were dangerous and misleading on any subject. Phillips wrote an essay on "Books, Their Value, Good and Bad Influence," which received the next highest mark in the Latin School and which showed that his reading at fourteen had been extensive. In this essay he used what was to become one of his favorite illustrations of truth, that of the sunlight, and he announces that he will read the best literature and that he is sure his conscience may be trusted as a guide to truth and purity. He tried for two prizes on the assigned subjects, "Mathematical Pursuits" and "The Shipwreck," but failed. In 1851 he received a prize for good behaviour in school and when he graduated from the Latin School he was one of the six pupils who took the Franklin medal for excellence in the final examinations in Latin, Greek and mathematics. When he was fifteen his writings showed a firmer touch, were more intense, and his vocabulary richer and deeper. He seemed absolutely certain of his own thoughts and experiences, and

felt compelled to give them utterance. What he stated as a youth was the foundation of what he taught all through his life. He showed a judicial mind, a thorough grasp of the right method which included all angles of a subject or question or problem, and the way to treat each side or angle. In his early essays one can trace the continuity of his growth from boyhood to manhood. There are no sharp turns, but one part grows naturally out of the former part; each step is a preparation for the next in the development and fulfilment of his character. Just as Professor Horne shows in his book, "PSYCHOLOGICAL PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION," so the mother of Phillips Brooks discovered for herself that there are no religious sections in human nature, and this is just what the latest psychologists and pedagogists are publishing to the world of today. There is no such thing as a man being a religious ANIMAL, for it is not man's physical body which is religious, but his spiritual nature, his will, his emotions and his intellect, his body being only the medium of his earthly existence and is occupied only temporarily, and even while so occupied the body changes completely every few years, but his personality remains the same. We are spirits rather than we have souls. It is a law of the physical body that if we do not exercise any portion of it we soon lose the use of it. If we sprain our ankle and do not use it till the sprain has healed it will require a longer time to regain the use of the ankle than it did to get over the sprain, and the same law works in the same way through our spiritual nature. Therefore, if in the eduational progress we neglect the development of the religious faculties it is not merely that we cheat the child of his birthright, but we cheat the nation of its most efficient citizens. The religious education should be from the moment a child is born, nay, before he is born, a growth of the child's whole nature towards God. Religion is simply and clearly the whole consciousness in its relationship

to God the Father Almighty in Jesus Christ our Lord. Christian religious education is bringing man into the right relation with God through Christ our Saviour, and if the right relation with God is firmly established then man's love and care for his fellow-man will naturally follow, for it will be the expression of God's impression.

Children are religious by racial inheritance through their feeling, and their will; in adolesence through their minds (intellect), for it is "one of the wonderful new facts that adolesence is likely to strengthen the tendencies the child brings with him. When reason does come with its full force into the individual life there must be a background of solid habit and good training whose value attests itself. The important thing to recognize is that there is a religion that children have, comprising the very germs from which all later development is to spring. * * * In later childhood these germs develop rapidly and new ones are added, so the scientific students of human nature, antropologists, sociologists, psychologists alike, unite in affirming an intimate relationship between the social and religious instincts." (Horne. pp. 351, 352, 356).

There are three great educational agencies surrounding children: the home, the Church, the school, each one a social institution. The home should be the main agency of moral and religious education, for the parent is the natural and most influential character-builder and the home is the centre of heredity, environment and will. The Church, through its many and varied agencies, is trying to supplement and not to supplant it; the public schools are nobly educating portions of the nature and character of the children intrusted to their training, and they are just beginning to realize that it is their business and privilege to educate *all the inherent capacities of the children committed to their charge if they want to make the most efficient citizens of them,* and therefore they are considering ways and means, such

as the Gary plan, which coördinates the will of the parents, the training in the schools and the teaching of the Church. Even "Business" of this great country of ours is no longer on the side of a one-sided education of children, for the editor of the New York Wall Street Journal stated in an interview that "NOW is the psychological hour for a spiritual awakening because there is an undercurrent of respect for higher things in the business world, a turning away from materialism." (New York Churchman, p. 605, May 8, 1915).

Now Mrs. Brooks was an up-to-date psychologist and pedagogist for she did not cheat her six boys out of their religious training at home as well as in the Church. She was a great MOTHER because she recognized that "there is a religion that children have, comprising the very germs from which all later development is to spring," and that "adolescence is likely to strengthen the tendencies the child brings with him. When reason does come with its full force into the individual life there must be a background of solid habit and good training whose value attests itself." (Horne, p. 351). From the very beginning Mrs. Brooks concentrated all her energy and her prayers first on her boys' spiritual and religious training and then on their physical development. She always put first things first. She studied the best means of training them and used every possible avenue of approach. The atmosphere of the home was spiritual and permeated with love, she was never chasing around to try to find somebody else who would train her six boys while she was having what is called today "a good time," or working for the community instead of training her boys to work for the best interests of the world at large. She lamented sometimes that her position in life was such a humble one, just a stay-at-home. The power of suggestion she used constantly, and by a thousand different ways she taught her boys to be true Chris-

tians; they literally absorbed spiritual and intellectual food into their very blood from the ideal family life in which they grew to manhood. The mother had the spirit of the true reformer who is bound to set the world right and to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth. Often and often she would urge her husband to right some civic wrongs, or to strengthen the hands of those citizens who were working for the uplift of the community. As the family income was small when the boys were young, she served the family with her own hands and gloried in it. Though her social talents would have made her a power in the city of Boston, she chose the quiet household, secluded from the world, and everything was sacrificed to the welfare of her boys. She never accepted an invitation from home for any social affair till her youngest son had grown up. Visitors came in occasionally for a call or to spend the evening. The evenings were spent by the whole family around the large table in the "back parlor," the father at his literary tasks, the mother with her sewing, and the boys preparing their lessons for school. After the lessons were learned there were games dear to the hearts of all boys, and sometimes the newest book was read aloud. They all loved their home intensely and its influence was stamped on their hearts forever, and whenever the sons were away from home on visits, or later when they were fulfilling their professional careers, the mother's letters always followed them with constant assurance that they were remembered every moment, and that she counted the days when she should see them again. She would send them boxes of "goodies" with the injunction that when they were eating them they must think of her. And when a letter from one of the boys was due, the little boys would bring it up from the post office and the mother would put away her sewing or mending to read it aloud to the eager group around the table, and their dog "Trip" would break

out in one of his awful spells of delighted barking and wagging of his tail, as if he knew one of his friends had written that letter. After the joyful reading Mr. Brooks would get out his large old-fashioned candle, the sewing would be put up for the night, and all would go up the old stairway and to bed. All through his life Phillips Brooks said over and over again that he owed everything to his mother.

His father was a typical Boston merchant, upright, a genuine citizen, quick to help in civic and social relations. He studied the men and women and movements of his day, and had a rare and common sense judgment in all Boston's interests, and in the larger interests of the nation and of the world. He had fine administrative ability, which Phillips inherited, was very methodical, could express himself in clear, logical and effective language, was intensely interested in historical studies, had a taste for architecture, was very accurate in all he said and did, had a keen sense of humor, and prized his faith in Christ as the prime possession of his life. The ideal of helpfulness was planted in the Brooks boys at an early age, for every one of them was taught to do some useful act each day, which is one of the rules today of the Boy Scouts. The mother made real to her boys the first great truth of Christianity — that "Christianity is Christ."

When Phillips was not quite sixteen he entered Harvard. While attending college he returned home every Saturday to stay till Monday, so he still attended St. Paul's Church twice on Sundays. He had almost reached his full height of six feet four and one-half inches, and he weighed 161 pounds. Such men as Longfellow, Agassiz and Peirce were his teachers. He was one of 628 students. The Harvard boys were required to attend daily prayers at 7 A. M. from September to April, and at 6 A. M. from April to the end of the college year in July.

Cambridge was still a village, and was connected by omnibus or stage with Boston. In the evening the stage suspended operations at an early hour, which made walking from Cambridge to Boston a necessity. The first horse car made the going and coming easier in 1856. Kerosene oil lamps lighted Boston, and oil was not replaced by gas till about 1855. Cricket was a favorite game, baseball was in its infancy, football as yet undeveloped as a great game in America. For these games and for games of chance Phillips showed not the slightest interest. He cared very little for even walking, because his rapid physical growth and mental development required all his strength and left him weak till he had attained manhood; physical rest was what he needed at this time of his life, for he had a very delicate and nervous constitution, susceptible to external influences, especially to bad, damp weather. Into the rest of college life he entered with zeal and enthusiasm.

At an initiation of the Hasty Pudding Club Mr. James K. Kosmer relates in his book, "The Last Leaf," (p. 256) how he recognized Phil Brooks in a tall fiend in scanty black drapery who was the most vociferous of the imps who tossed him in the blanket and later daubed his elaborate manuscript with hot hasty pudding from a huge spoon. On another occasion the Club gave a performance of Fielding's extravaganza of Tom Thumb. The performance was prepared with much care, and the hit of the evening was Phil Brooks as he personated the giantess Glumdalsa to perfection. He was dressed in flowing skirts and a fine dress waist, and wore an enormous headdress of what looked like feather dusters which swept the ceiling as he walked about majestically. Mr. James Kosmer was impersonating the princess, and he and Phil were rivals for the affections of Tom Thumb. "In the closing scene the entire cast underwent destruction, strewing the stage with a picturesque heap of slain. We were not very dead, for the

victims near the footlights, in order to give the curtain room to fall, drew up their legs or rolled out of the way in a spirit of polite accomodation. The most impressive part of the spectacle was the defunct giantess, whose wide spreading draperies and headgear, as Brooks came down with a well-studied crash, took up so much of the floor that the rest of us had no room left to die in dignity. The piece was so much of a success that we performed it again at the house of Theodore Lyman in Brookline, and still again at Chickering Hall in Boston." (Kosmer, pp. 256, 260).

Phillips' record in college shows that he possessed the capacity for exact scholarship, ranking fifth in his freshman year. At the end of his sophomore year he ranked sixteenth in a class of 71. As junior and senior he stood thirteenth in a class of 66. Whatever his grade for the daily examinations might be, he generally reached the highest in the final examinations. He loved history, did well in chemistry, and read enough in natural sciences to get the results of the scientific processes. In Greek he took the highest marks, and next to the highest in Latin. He read Greek literature all his life just for the pleasure of it. As elocution was coupled with literature, he only achieved 100 where the highest mark was 140 in his sophomore year. He was very much handicapped by extreme shyness and he thought that to cultivate the powers of elocution would make him vain, and that if a man really had something to say he would find a way to say it, a truth which his own life amply vindicated. As a speaker in his college days he was marked by the same rapidity of utterance which characterized his public utterances all his life; this rapidity of speech was constitutional, and not adopted to cover up a physical defect; it was simply because his thoughts accumulated with such voluminousness that his speech could not at first get the pace, and it seemed at the opening of an address that his words tumbled over each other in

their haste to get out, but almost immediately his thoughts gauged the speed necessary and then his words flowed on in majestic rhythm.

He read with such lightning speed that he could finish a book and grasp its motive and contents and be ready for the next one while the other students were getting through the first chapter. He was always a great reader of life, as well as of books, and there was no use trying to fool him on any subject, for he could look straight into one's heart and know what was going on there. This power did not prevent his helping unworthy persons sometimes, for if he only helped those who were worthy his helpfulness would have been very limited.

In the necessary themes at college he did what was required, but his mind and heart were not stirred unless he had a subject with which he was in sympathy, and then he reached his highest level. His college papers show what Phillips had been doing with his time; they were written to be read in thirty minutes, and of course his half hour contained more than twice as much as anybody else's.

The essay "On National Greetings and Sports as Hints on National Character" proved how wide a knowledge he had of his subject, and his perfect mastery of the material. He gave the spirit of it rather than a summary of facts. In his junior year he wrote the most complete of his literary efforts and called it "The English Table Talkers." "The style has the free swing and graceful ease of his later work. There is a tone of mastery and power, he utters himself with confidence as though he knew, and the whole paper is environed with a genial happy atmosphere. * * * He takes occasion in this paper, when speaking of Walpole, to give an estimate of the value of letter writing. * * * 'As a general thing we read letters to be interested and informed, but not improved; and so if interest and information, but not improvement, are the result,

we have no thought of a complaint or breach of promise, *men do not drop true genius into the post office, or trust the evidence of a great soul to the letter-bag.'* This pronounced opinion upon the value of letter writing formed at the age of eighteen, he seems to have retained as a permanent conviction. He wrote many letters full of interest and information, but never with the intention of dropping the evidence of a great soul into the post office." (Allen, "Life and Writings of Phillips Brooks," vol. II, p. 85).

In his junior year he won the first Bowdoin prize by his essay on "Teaching of Tacitus Regarding Fate and Destiny." He graduated when he was nineteen, and on his commencement day, July 17, 1855, he read a paper which he entitled "Dissertation-Rebaut, the Huguenot Preacher." He had about five minutes in which to deliver it, but with his rapidity of utterance he managed to cover considerable ground. When men make speeches of five or ten minutes' duration they choose that aspect of the subject which appeals to them personally, which they consider of vital importance, and which is the summing up of the result of their own study of the subject. The college period of a young person's life is the reconstruction period and crisis; the time of the mastery of facts and their verification, and especially the gathering up of general materials for the great thesis, so that Phillips Brooks' choosing the strong faith which Rebaut inherited from the ages as his thesis and as the last word he should speak publicly as a Harvard student, shows what a vital thing faith was to Phillips Brooks THEN, and that the subject of a great Preacher was near his heart. He also emphasized and stoutly maintained that it was Rebaut's faith that made Rebaut one of the greatest men in France, and that such lives teach the world how to live and how to perpetuate their witness of the power of a great faith.

During his college days, and in fact during all his life,

Phillips Brooks was strongly marked by a deep, impenetrable reserve which was absolutely impervious to all attacks, although he was frankness itself about surface things. His friendship was prized and some evidence was apparent among the students of that personal devotion to him which was afterwards to reach such extravagant proportions. One might have lived in the same house with him for fifty years and yet never really know him. He has explained this characteristic, and it is not so uncommon as is generally supposed. One can only reveal one's real, innermost personality to a person capable of understanding it; one can only give what the other is capable of receiving.

After graduating Phillips was conscious that he ought to help the family resources in educating his four younger brothers, especially as William, the eldest Brooks boy, was already in business and doing his share of helping. Whatever profession his heart was set on it was evident that he must begin to support himself, so it was a case of family rejoicing when Phillips got the position as teacher in the Boston Latin School and began work in September, not yet having reached his twentieth birthday. This allowed him to take time to earn money for his own further education, and for him to help his mother besides. He felt that his true calling was teaching, and so it was, but it was the method of teaching and the medium through which he was to teach that needed illumination, and which his experience in the Latin School most decidedly illuminated and turned him to teaching through the Church, and not through the public schools.

The headmaster of the Latin School was an athlete who used the rod unsparingly, and he believed that a good teacher was born, not made, and as Phillips had chosen to accept the invitation to teach he might as well prove first as last whether he knew how. He was given a younger grade of boys to try his hand on, among

whom was the younger brother of the present writer's mother. In a month he was promoted to third class of boys from fifteen to seventeen years of age. Three teachers had already found this third class not only impossible to teach, but to even keep in decent order. In those days the teacher was thought of only as an hereditary enemy. Phillips' youth, his inexperience, his eyeglasses, which were uncommon then, and his keen sense of humor were simply so much fuel to those boys, who studied only how to get the best of the teacher and to rout him completely, and they used great ingenuity in doing it. The thermometer was plugged with snow and when it registered zero the boys shivered and fuel was ordered to be put on the fire, the room being insufferably hot already, then the windows were opened and the opposite process was begun. Another time a boy threw a handful of shot in Phillips' face, and when he looked up from his book no one could be detected as having done it. Another day the boys cut off the heads of the kind of matches that snap when stepped on, and scattered them all over the floor, even under the teacher's desk, so that the least movement in any part of the room would be followed by an explosion. Once the teacher had to let a boy down out of the window to remove the plugs from the other side which had been stuffed into the keyholes of the door to prevent the teacher's exit. One morning, looking up suddenly, Phillips saw every boy in the room wearing tin eyeglasses which they had made to imitate his own. By December he was tired out, "sick, cross and almost dead," and in February he resigned. His successor was also utterly worn out by the necessity of such frequent corporal punishment as that third class needed.

By March Phillips was tutoring several pupils who paid well, but the work was not tending towards making a fortune. He felt his failure to control those Latin School

boys so keenly that he refused to go where he would be likely to see many people, but finally he mustered enough courage to call on the president of Harvard College. He knew that Dr. Walker's advice would be based upon his understanding and personal knowledge of Phillips as a student, and as a young man, for Dr. Walker always won the confidence and love of the Harvard boys.

The best boys do not think they are good enough to offer themselves for the ministry or for the mission field, and for this reason boys should be asked as individuals, and not as a crowd, to serve Christ as one of His ministers. How could such a young man as Phillips Brooks, who possessed a very sensitive and humble nature, offer himself as a candidate for "Orders" when he had just made such a miserable failure of being a teacher? Much to his amazement, Dr. Walker advised Phillips to study for the ministry. No wonder he was so affected by his interview with the president of Harvard College, for an awful load had been lifted from his back, the load of conscious unworthiness of the profession of the Christian ministry. One of his classmates, with more discrimination than most of the others, testified that he knew that in college Phillips had it in contemplation, and this classmate was therefore not at all surprised to hear that Phillips was studying for the ministry. After his interview with Dr. Walker, Phillips went to see his friend and rector, Dr. Vinton, to ask him what steps he should take next. Dr. Vinton told him that candidates for Holy Orders were usually communicants of the Church, and that conversion preceded confirmation; and while he was waiting to be confirmed he advised him to enter the Virginia Seminary immediately, as the term had already begun. It was then considered the best place to study for the Church in America. Phillips told only his family and then left for Virginia, just fifteen months from the day he graduated from Harvard College.

CHAPTER II

ALEXANDRIA · PRAYER · PHILADELPHIA "THE QUESTION OF QUESTIONS" THE CIVIL WAR

SOME of his friends told Phillips that he was throwing himself away, that he was saying good-bye to intellectual freedom. Others said he was proclaiming himself better than his fellows, and that his chances of earning a decent living were mighty slim. During his life as a "priest" of the Church he often spoke of the glories of the ministry, and predicted that the following fifty years would give the Church a "nobler opportunity of usefulness and power than it ever had in the past," and he called "with the voice of a trumpet to the brave, earnest, cultivated young men who are to live in the next fifty years to enter into it (the ministry) and share the privilege of that work together. And the word with which I would summon them should be that great word 'service.'" He said again and again that "There is no career that can compare with it for a moment in the rich and satisfying relations into which it brings a man with his fellow-men, in the deep and interesting insight which it gives him into human nature, and the chance of the best culture for his own character. Its delight never grows old, its interest never wanes, its stimulus is never exhausted. * * * The Christian ministry is the largest field for the growth of a human soul that this world offers. * * * It is a place of utterance more powerful and sacred than any other in the world."

The seminary as seen from the steamer on the trip from Washington was situated on a high hill, three miles from

the beautiful town of Alexandria. It was a large white, brick building with a cupola, planted in the midst of a forest of oak, hickory, cedar and locust trees which covered one hundred acres. From the seminary could be seen the splendid Potomac river, and the Capitol and Monument at Washington. The students were half from the North and half from the South, and were all very hospitable. To a New Englander things seemed about fifty years behind the times, and it took forever to get even the smallest kind of a job done. The life was simple and primitive, and compared with today so had been the life at Harvard College. This defect was more than balanced by the fact that each individual student counted for all he was worth, the college loved him for himself as an individual soul, whereas today Harvard, and all large organizations, love the student or member as an unknown quantity in a large body of students or members. We have all known teachers and leaders of even small groups who have loved us only as a class or organization, and not as individuals; just here is the difference between a great teacher and leader and all the lesser lights of learning and leadership.

Even Washington, the capital of his country, had appeared to Phillips like a splendid skeleton affair with decidedly shabby buildings. His first night was spent in the garret of an old building called the Wilderness, a few rods away from the main building, It had a bed very much too small for him, and a washstand. In the morning he woke up with a cold, and so cramped that he could hardly stand upright. He soon had a better room which he shared with the handsome and splendid son of Bishop Potter.

The students took care of themselves, making their own fires, and some of them sawed their own wood. The expenses were one hundred dollars per annum; fuel, lights, washing, furniture and sundries were all extra. Phillips bought a cord of wood for three dollars. His washing cost

him two dollars a month, and he studied by candlelight until he bought a lamp. He was always very sensitive to bad weather, so he suffered considerably the first winter because sometimes there were three snowstorms in one week, the snow melting rapidly and leaving deep muddy roads. Until he bought a stove and moved into the new hall he found it impossible to even keep warm. The dining-room and prayer hall were in the basement. There were "talks" by the professors and a debating society which met once a week, when papers were read, discussed and criticised.

Towards the last of November Phillips was laid up with a lame foot, and about the same time one of the students was told that he would be "tarred and feathered" if he did not leave the seminary immediately. Phillips stood by him and defended the right of free speech, which resulted in the faculty granting public discussion for and against slavery, and this open forum led many Southern men to modify their feelings and opinions, and helped the Northern men to a better understanding of the South.

It was indeed a providential opportunity for Phillips Brooks to go from cold Boston to warm-hearted Virginia, and his life there developed him spiritually in a wonderful way. He learned a lesson which no books could have taught him, nor could have any Northern place drawn it out of him, because it is a something in the kindly, friendly, courteous, sympathetic and inherited atmosphere of the South which graces the cultivated men and women of that part of this great country of ours, and which has always been the most cherished characteristic of the best Southern family life.

Until Phillips went to the seminary he had never been at a prayer meeting in his life, but he took to it quickly, probably the Brooks' family prayers, though so different, helped to prepare him for it. The influence of the prayer

meeting at Alexandria was felt as long as he lived, for it taught him to pray aloud spontaneously in the presence of others, and there is absolutely nothing more difficult for a New England churchman to do, with his inherited reserve on personal spiritual subjects. The prayer meetings were held once a week, and when Phillips prayed every one felt how near and how real God was to him, that he was really talking with God; his prayers were so simple, yet blazing with such deep and well-grounded hope and expectation. These prayers were the preparation for his marvelous prayer on the steps of Independence Hall at the close of the Civil War, and for his wonderful prayer on Commemoration Day in the enormous tent in Cambridge, and for all those other great prayers on various occasions. We forget how times have changed, and that those spontaneous prayers of Phillips Brooks mark an epoch and a great spiritual awakening in the Episcopal Church. In those days of his early ministry, nay, even after he returned to Boston, he was almost brought to ecclesiastical trial for daring to pray outside the Prayer Book.

He has beautifully brought out the power of prayer and the wonderful peace of our unanswered prayers in his many writings. He tells us that some prayers Christ cannot answer because we ask Him to do our work for us, and again because we are not able to appropriate or understand the answer, and also we do not recognize the largeness of God's Kingdom.

During the Christmas holidays his mother and one of his brothers paid Phillips a visit, and on Christmas Day he made his first Communion, kneeling by his mother's side at the altar rail of St. John's Church in Washington. He had not been confirmed, but the Prayer Book says, "And there shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed or *ready and desirous to be confirmed.*" We must remember that private confirmations

were and are rare, and that it was natural for Phillips to wish to be confirmed by his own bishop, for he was still under the jurisdiction of Dr. Vinton and the Bishop of Massachusetts; besides traveling was very expensive and consumed much more time than it does today.

In April he wrote to his brother that he was feeling blue and homesick. His wardrobe was extremely shabby and he was afraid he would grow indifferent to his personal appearance. By June he had given up all idea of not returning to the Alexandrian Seminary. When he first went there he thought he would have been better prepared for the ministry elsewhere; as the months rolled by he found he was doing such prodigious studying outside the regular courses that he was not wasting his time, but taking his theological training into his own hands, which was a wise proceeding because wherever he would have studied at this time of his life he would have thought the teaching not equal to his demands, for one could not expect two Phillips Brookses under the same roof. Greek and Latin were not dead languages to him, but fascinating means of entering into the minds and experiences of great thinkers. German and French were both so familiar that he could understand all the heretical writings in the original, and did not have to wait for an English translation. Hebrew he did not enjoy, but as a classical writer or scholar none excelled him. After he had read his essays Dr. Sparrow would remark: "Mr. Brooks is very remarkable," and the students felt that he certainly was, besides having a character of singular purity, strength, humility and helpfulness. He was full of fun also, and loved a good story. After the midday meal he would often call on another student and enjoy a cup of tea or coffee with a Maryland biscuit. He would fill the cup full of lumps of sugar and then pour the coffee or the tea into the spaces between the lumps. The students made tea in a large mug, covered with a red pincushion

shaped like a tomato, which gave the tea a much prized flavor. He returned home just before the closing of the seminary, and on July 12, 1856, he was confirmed by Bishop Eastburn in St. Mary's Church, Dorchester. At this time he was twenty-one, his elder brother, William, was in business; Frederick was fifteen and a Boston Latin School pupil; George, the next boy, was on a farm for the summer, and Arthur and John were called the "little boys," Arthur being eleven years old and John seven.

Upon Phillips' return to the seminary he had soon very serious trouble with his eyes, and then was laid up with neuralgia in his face. This second year, however, was a very happy one, still he was perfectly delighted when summer came once more and he could go home and live with his beloved family, especially his mother. He wrote her to be sure to be on the doorsteps to meet him. Once more the whole Brooks family gathers round the familiar table in the back parlor every evening, and Phillips devotes much time to helping his brothers in their studies. He often went with them to the menagerie and enjoyed it as much as they did. He was of great assistance to Fred, who was to enter Harvard in the fall, and between Fred and Phil there existed a most romantic affection. On the last day of October he returned to Virginia, and he was very proud to be given charge of the new preparatory department, where students were to be trained for admission to the study of theology. He also taught Latin and Greek, and in this way he earned his board and $500, which was all the faculty could afford to pay; Dr. Sparrow told him that if he would stay at the seminary after his ordination he would guarantee him a handsome salary. This evidence of faith in him as a teacher was balm to his wounded pride, for his failure as a public school teacher, to even control those horrid Latin School boys, still rankled. Dr. Sparrow was the teacher of theology, and was a man always willing

to meet boldly every skeptical objection of the age, for the centuries were strewn with wrecks of religions intended to replace Christianity, and he was not afraid of any new ones.

During these years Phillips kept very carefully written note books in which he wrote the sum and substance of his immense reading which could be used later; significant phrases, concise and terse descriptions and affirmations, comparisons and similarities and metaphors. Many people like to think that his wonderful wealth of expression and fluent, graphic style and beauty of ideas and forcible presentation of his subject were spontaneous utterances instead of the result of years of preparation and the training of a native talent, thus pouring soothing oil on their own laziness evidenced by their slip-shod literary efforts, whether in print or orally delivered. He wrote a good sized volume of verse which also helped to train him to express himself, his innermost thoughts and ideas, and it was an outlet to his glowing, ardent, passionate enthusiasm for truth. These sonnets and other verse were not intended for publication.

In December Phillips' mother wrote to him, in part as follows: "My dear Child, I have stolen away from the parlor, and the girls and boys (this proves to the 'Higher Critics' that Phillips had SISTERS in spite of all evidence to the contrary) and the closing Saturday night cares, into the nursery to write to you; to send you my wishes for a happy Christmas, and the enclosed ten dollars for a Christmas present, and I sincerely wish it was in my power to DOUBLE it. You must take it as a gift of love from your mother, who loves you ten thousand times more than she can ever tell you, or than you can ever know. As Christmas Day returns again I shall think very much of the pleasant one I spent with you last year, and especially of the happiness and gratitude felt on first taking communion with you. Oh, it was a HAPPY day, and my heart is

FULL of gratitude that I had lived to see my child confess his Saviour before men. God grant as LONG AS LIFE SHALL LAST, he may be His faithful disciple and devoted servant. * * * From your dear, devoted mother." (Dated 1857, Allen, vol. I, p. 208)

Upon the urgent request of his father and mother he sent them a copy of his first sermon, and on November 20, 1858, his mother wrote: "My Precious Phillips, more precious than ever. * * * I hardly know how to tell you how happy I feel, * * * what beautiful texts you have chosen; they breathe all of Christ. * * * I have lived to see my prayer granted, that my child might preach Christ. * * * My heart is with you very much this winter, particularly evenings when I know you are writing your sermons. It must be a delightful work to feel yourself pleading for Christ. * * * God keep you and bless you, and continue to make you a blessing to the world and to your devoted mother." (Allen, vol. I, p. 280)

"When I want to urge my friends to one entire salvation, in which all the partial salvations of conduct, of happiness, of taste, shall be included, I can ask nothing larger than this old question which has summoned such multitudes of people to the higher life, and which will be dear in their remembrance throughout eternity—the *Question of Questions, will you not give yourself to Jesus?* * * * There are different measures in which men give themselves to Christ, and Christ despises none of them; but in different measures He again is compelled to give himself back to them. * * * Each gets from Jesus that which the nature which he brings can take. With what measure each gives himself to the Saviour, the Saviour gives Himself in His Salvation back to each. * * * He in His love outgoes our prayers. He gives us more of what we need than we know how to ask for. * * * And He is always trying to make the self which asks a larger self that He may give

it other things of higher kinds. But yet the truth remains, that at each moment He can give Himself to us only as at that moment we give ourselves to Him." ("Sermons Preached in English Churches," published in 1883 by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

On Friday, July 4, 1859, Phillips Brooks was made a deacon. He had been called to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. It seated about five hundred persons, and had 150 communicants, a large Sunday School, and the salary was $1000 a year. Dr. Vinton had planned to have Phillips for his own assistant, and was much disappointed when he decided to accept the call to the Church of the Advent. He took up his work there on July 10, when he preached both in the morning and in the afternoon. In the following spring, on Whitsunday, he was ordained by Bishop Potter to the Priesthood of "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," in the presence of his father, mother and brother George, who were in the congregation. In the evening he preached and his mother heard him for the first time. His ministry in Philadelphia was full of deep interests and he found his work to be even greater than he had looked forward to. The month of August (1860) he took for his holiday. His brother Frederick was a sophomore at Harvard, Arthur was in the Boston Latin School, and John was eleven years old.

After his vacation he took up his work with vigor, great zeal and enthusiasm. The Sunday School occupied a large part of his time and interest, and he excelled in talking to children. He once told a child that it was great fun being a minister. He took infinite pains in preparing for the Sunday School celebrations of Advent, Christmas, Easter, Ascension, Whitsunday and Trinity. He preached twice on Sundays, gave a weekly lecture on Wednesday evenings, and on Saturday evenings had a large Bible class,

besides all the work incidental to a parish where the rector wanted to serve not only his own people faithfully but the community. He was not only a giant in spiritual and intellectual force, but he was now six feet, four and one-half inches tall and weighed 195 pounds. Yet withal he had a graceful and shapely figure because his body, like his soul, was finely proportioned. He had many calls to stronger parishes, for it had become known that a remarkable priest was at the Church of the Advent.

When Dr. Vinton resigned the rectorship of Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks was immediately called to succeed him. He accepted and began his ministry there in January, after spending the month of December in Boston with his dear mother. From this time he became public property, for he was a constant speaker at meetings and anniversaries; he became also one of the overseers of the new Divinity School in Philadelphia. The Civil War gave him an opportunity to become more widely known, till at last he spoke to the whole country.

In civic work he became one of the foremost citizens, and admiration, adulation and frantic enthusiasm were aroused by his presence. Yet he was always glad and thankful to get away from such scenes and to be among a few friends, and he wanted those friends to remember that such marked evidences of popularity and fame had no intrinsic value.

No one in the world ever so distinctly illustrated in his own life the two scenes in the Transfiguration time in the life of Christ, for Phillips Brooks made the same lightning change from the spiritual exaltation of the pulpit to the ordinary commonplaces of life as did Christ when He was transfigured on the Mount and then descended to that quarreling, fighting, distracted crowd at the foot. Revelation of the soul of Phillips Brooks through his sermons, addresses and teaching, in which he seemed to take his listening,

spellbound people into heaven itself, had to be followed by the commonplace out of the pulpit because he had such a genius for reaching the hearts of us, and psychologically we cannot have the heights without the valleys too.

As many people have no idea that the American Episcopal Church calls her ministers "priests," it is well to refer them to the Prayer Book, and to the very interesting reference to himself as a priest in the writings of Phillips Brooks. On the Incarnation, and on the Suffering Saviour on the Cross, and on many, many subjects, he has written most illuminatingly and clearly, in fact some of his sermons should be published as tracts, and sold for five cents, to help the world of the present day. For purposes of verification of what he did or did not believe and teach there must some day be a distinction drawn between those volumes which were published during the life of Phillips Brooks and those which were published after his death. And the publishers should see to it that they continue his unvarying habit "when referring to Jesus Christ, of writing the personal pronouns He, Him, and His with a capital H. This silent witness to his sense of the separateness and preternaturalness of the son of God is conspicuous and telling. To the eye of the reader it makes the very type bear testimony." (Rev. Edward Abbott, p. 40 in a pamphlet on Phillips Brooks, 1900)

Mrs. Brooks' sister, Miss Susan Phillips, was for some time in a hospital in Annapolis as a volunteer nurse; and George Brooks enlisted both in the Church and in the United States Army the same year. George was attractive in personal appearance, very manly, sincere, and greatly beloved by every one who came in contact with him. He did not go to Harvard but tried farming, and then he took up chemistry and graduated with high honors from the Lawrence Scientific School. He wrote to his brother Phillips from Camp Meigs that the way Phillips had talked

to him had helped him greatly to see his way clearly, and he had been convinced that he should hesitate no longer, but by being confirmed confess himself a soldier of Christ. So George had been confirmed before leaving Boston, and had rejoiced his mother's heart by receiving the Holy Sacrament at the Lord's Table kneeling at his mother's side. Mrs. Brooks thanked God for accepting the offering of her child George, for whom she had prayed so earnestly. Her song of rejoicing was accompanied with the committance of George to the everlasting care and protection of God, both in times of war and peace. She prayed also that in case his country claimed his life in its service that her Saviour would welcome her dearest George into the Heavenly Kingdom.

In February Phillips' father appeared unexpectedly in Philadelphia on his way to the South to see his son George, who was sick unto death, but he did not get there in time, for George died of typhoid-pneumonia on February 10. Phillips went immediately to Boston to be with his mother. George's body was embalmed and sent home.

It was Phillips' activity for the cause of the negroes, and the ovation of many in Boston over the funeral of George Brooks as a soldier who had given his life for their emancipation, that caused the tension among the Copperheads of St. Paul's Church to break out in unkindness shown towards the mother of Phillips and George Brooks, so that she thought it wiser to transfer herself and family to Trinity Church in the spring of this year, 1863. The transfer from one parish to another in the same city had absolutely nothing to do with the doctrines preached in St. Paul's Church, but to the actions of those not in sympathy with the war. The Brooks pew in Trinity Church was two or three pews behind number 98, owned by the writer's grandfather.

On the previous Thanksgiving Day Phillips had committed his pulpit to the support of the nation, and he was

henceforth a leader of the people. He had just preached a wonderful sermon which was afterwards printed for circulation at the request of sixty leading citizens of Philadelphia, and it was at once recognized as an event in the history of the nation; it was called "Our MERCIES OF REOCCUPATION," and was a "masterpiece of inspired oratory." From Sunday to Sunday he preached the Gospel message as if there were no war, and did his church work with tremendous energy, for his parish then as always occupied the foremost place in his heart and brain. He had the power of inspiring others to work. His presence was an inspiration, and he actually carried healing power when he went through the wards of the hospitals at Gettysburg, and he showed no discrimination between the Northern and Southern soldiers, but did what he could to help them, writing letters for them, praying with them, visiting them in camp as well as in hospital, preaching to them as he was allowed the opportunity, baptizing them and preparing them for Confirmation.

He was among the first to recognize the necessity of educating the hundreds of thousands of negroes who were now adrift with a freedom to which no previous training had prepared them. Years afterwards his acts of kindness to the colored people were gratefully remembered by them and resolutions were inscribed upon the minutes of the Bethany Literary and Historical Association of Washington, D. C.

In 1863 Frederick Brooks graduated from Harvard. He had taken the Bowdoin prize, and had been the class-day odist. He entered the new Divinity School of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, and while there brought his brother Phillips close to the hearts, minds and souls of the students. Only one son was now left in the family circle, for Arthur entered Harvard that autumn, leaving John at home, who was fourteen years younger than Phillips.

The desire to be a teacher and his great love for history, which he considered the basis of all other learning, together with his most intense dislike for his present immense popularity, led him to consider seriously changing from being a minister of a city church to becoming a professor of ecclesiastical history in the new Divinity School in Philadelphia. He wrote to his father that the Church needed more ministers, and that it would be a great work for him to teach and to train young men for the ministry of the Church he loved so well; that it would be easy enough to get another priest for Holy Trinity at $4000 a year with its splendid congregation, but it would be difficult to get a teacher for the seminary at $1000 per year, and as he was unmarried he could afford to go there, besides he needed the opportunity it offered for his own study; in order to give so much out he felt the need of time to replenish the supply in himself. Hardly anyone sustained him or encouraged him to bury himself in a theological school, and he therefore gave up the idea till seventeen years later, when he was called to the professorship of moral philosophy in Harvard University. This time THE PEOPLE, literally "the people" would not let him go, so he sacrificed forever the ideal of his youth, the inherited instincts, and the consuming desire of the scholar for such an opportunity as that professor's chair offered Mr. Brooks.

On the night of Good Friday, April 15, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, and on Easter Day Mr. Brooks preached a wonderful sermon about Christ and the Resurrection, and about the martyred President. On the following Sunday he preached another remarkable sermon on the character of Lincoln, which was immediately published by request. He thought of Lincoln as the servant of a divine cause. The next well known and most talked of thing that he did was his prayer at the Commemoration Day at Harvard, when those who had died for their

country were to be remembered. It is still spoken of today with bated breath as "That prayer! O that prayer!" as if nobody else had ever prayed like that in public since the world began.

From the day of that great prayer Boston longed for Phillips Brooks to return to the city of his birth, and as soon as the opportunity presented itself in 1868 in the resignation of Bishop Eastburn as rector of Trinity Church no stone was left unturned to persuade him to leave Philadelphia. Mr. Brooks declined the call. None of the letters or appeals that he received on the subject could have moved him as did his mother's letters. His refusal nearly broke her heart, for she claimed that he owed it not only as his duty toward his mother to come to Trinity, but as his duty toward the city of his birth and education. She wrote him that he owed Boston a DEBT, that she hoped he would live long enough to pay it, and that she prayed God that he might pay it during his mother's lifetime.

The very tightening of his heartstrings made him think that his real duty lay in Philadelphia, for had he not already given up the chair of ecclesiastical history in the Episcopal Theological School, so how could it be right for him to obey one of the strongest instincts of his nature and training and "go home." So on January 4 he again declined the Boston call. Both cities kept busy, one trying to keep him and the other trying to get him. Not till July did Phillips show any signs of changing his mind. Trinity Church was closed for repairs during the summer, but the vestry was hurriedly convened, and on July 5 another call was extended which was finally accepted, and on Sunday, October 24, he preached his last sermon as rector of Holy Trinity, and thus ended his ministry of ten very happy years in Philadelphia.

During the summers when he had remained at his work he used to go with Dr. Weir Mitchell for an afternoon

pull on the river. One summer they went to Moosehead together; and he delighted to swim and paddle, for he loved nature and the life of the woods for recreation. He did not fish nor shoot because he hated to kill even a troublesome insect. But it was HUMAN NATURE that he loved the most. A crowded city on a hot day, teeming with life, had no terrors for him because it contained God's children for whom he had a message of hope and love.

The Brooks family had moved from the familiar house at 3 Rowe Street (Chauncy Street) into an old house on Hancock Street, which had nothing "stuck up" about it, but where all felt immediately at home. Another point in its favor was its foundation, for it was built on the hard, rocky Beacon Hill, therefore entirely unlike the ashman's rubbish heap called the Back Bay, where enormous piles had to be driven down far enough to reach something solid which would prevent the houses from disappearing from sight during the night. Its residents have often tried to appropriate the name of "West End" so to obliterate its humble origin, but the Back Bay it was and the Back Bay it will probably remain to the end of time, in name at least in the minds of real Bostonians.

CHAPTER III

BESSIE'S PRICELESS FRIENDSHIP AND EXPERIENCE

THE wind was whistling up and down bleak Summer Street one very particular Sunday in the autumn of 1869, but it was warm inside dear old Trinity and there was an excited, expectant attitude about even the cranky old sexton, for was not HE COMING. The children had arrived there earlier than usual and were gathering much information about him from each other and from their teachers. Above all things they wanted to know if he thought only of grown-ups, or would he come to Sunday School regularly?

"He is big as a giant," piped up one little boy.

"He loves children," volunteered Bessie.

"How do you know?" snapped a big girl.

"He called at grandma's and I saw him. He has got eyes like Jesus must have."

"Little children should be seen and not heard," interrupted the big girl jealously.

Bessie shrank back in her seat as if she had been struck. The other children looked indignantly at the jealous big girl, and begged Bessie to tell them all she knew.

"What DO you know about him?" demanded the jealous girl.

"You said I should be seen and not heard," Bessie quietly reminded her.

"Oh, I say! I'm sorry I said that, please tell us before he comes."

Then Bessie, with her little hands clasped tightly, and

with a rapt, far away expression, told the greatest experience of her eight years of life; she seemed to be talking it out with God rather than to the listening children. "He came to see us because grandpa is an invalid and my papa is sick, and I was reciting a hymn to grandpa as he came into the room. Just as I was leaving the room he called me back and lifted me up on to his big knee and put his strong arm around me, and I leaned against his great big heart while he talked to grandpa. He would smile down on me with a regular Angel-Gabriel smile every few minutes. Then suddenly he said:

"'So you know Jesus?'

"Oh, yes, but how do you know I know?

"'By the way you recited that hymn to your grandpa, for you are a little girl who hates to say anything that is not true. Jesus is my best, dearest and greatest Friend, so now you and I will always be friends because we have a mutual Friend in Jesus.'

"Then he put me down very gently and prayed some beautiful prayers and said some comforting words to grandpa, and just as he was going out of the door which I held open for him he held out both hands to me, and stooping his great body way down to little me, he kissed me and said: 'God bless thee, Bessie, and may Christ dwell in thee always.'"

In the awe-struck silence that followed, the door opened and in walked Phillips Brooks. As Bessie's class was near the door he saw her at once, and after shaking hands heartily with Miss Hattie Thayer, her Sunday School teacher, he turned to her said: "Hullo, Bessie, how are grandpa and your mother?"

When Bessie was nine years old she had her first experience with death, for her grandfather died after years of much suffering. She had been accustomed to recite hymns to him Sunday nights, and she had been oppressed

by the signs of severe suffering in his face, but now she was fascinated by the majesty of death, for it had left her grandfather's face absolutely peaceful, painless and happy, so it puzzled her to see the family's sorrow when death had worked that transformation. While others were busy she sat quietly alone with him in the big drawing room upstairs, and as she gazed alternately at him and out of the window at the deer on the Common she suddenly saw Mr. Brooks coming to call. She ran lightly downstairs to open the door before he had time to ring, calling out joyously to her grandmother: "Mr. Brooks is coming!" Before he had time to take off his coat she had demanded: "What is death?"

"At Home with Jesus," promptly replied Mr. Brooks.

"Then why do people cry when death comes into the house?" asked the little girl.

"Because they don't trust God enough," said Mr. Brooks as he caught up Bessie in his arms and carried her upstairs. "Always remember that Jesus is taking care of you no matter what happens," he added as he put her down gently in order to give his whole attention to the rest of the family.

Thousands who are now living know in their own lives what Phillips Brooks was to them in the times of trouble, sickness or sorrow, and they know that only a man who lived very close to God every moment of his life could do for others what he did; and yet in his writings he still speaks to those who will listen.

People who were ill in their minds he soothed, helped and blessed, and turned them from thinking only of themselves to living for Christ. One of them called one evening and outstayed the other callers. Mr. Brooks walked part of the way home with him, and when they had reached the Public Garden, he bade him good-bye at the foot of the statue of George Washington on horseback, bathed in

the glorious moonlight, with these words: "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore."

In the sick room, with children or with their elders, Mr. Brooks was wonderful, for he gave hope, strength and life to them, even when he did not talk much, and aside from his mere presence, his prayers for them, kneeling by their bedside, would bring healing because he was so near to God, and somehow if one were too ill to live much longer he made the passing heavenly.

One of his little friends had diphtheria, and had it bad. She got the idea into her head that if her throat filled up with that horrid, dirty, white stuff she would be a "goner," and she argued to herself that so long as her voice came through it she would be a live little girl instead of a dead one, so she would say hymns and poems softly to herself, even though it hurt so, while the nurse was too busy or too tired to notice. At the height of her illness, when she felt the effort of "getting her voice through" was hardly worth the pain it caused her, she heard the dear, familiar voice at her door. Instantly she was galvanized into life, and she shouted out with great pain and difficulty, but with grim determination:

"Go away, Mr. Brooks, go away or you will catch diphtheria."

As he opened the door of her room she raised herself up and cried again to him:

"Oh, go away, dear Mr. Brooks! Just think how awful it would be for everybody if you caught it and died."

He hurried to her side, and taking her feverish hands in his, kissed her gently on the forehead, saying, "Why, Bessie dear, if I should be afraid of 'catching it' from all

the sick people I visit I should have been dead long ago."

"Not afraid," asked the little girl wonderingly, "why aren't you?"

Then he told her in simpler language and in a very few words what he preached to older people, and which is written for all time in his sermon entitled "The Safety and Helpfulness of Faith," from the text: "They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not harm them. They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." (Mark XVI, 18). The main point is that the safety which Christ offers is a "safety not by avoidance of deadly things, but by the neutralizing of them through a higher and stronger power. * * * One thing we see immediately in such a promise, one condition which belongs to its fulfillment. It is that only in the higher action and mission lay the safety from the lower influence; and therefore that the lower influence was to be powerless over the disciples only as they met it incidentally in the direct pursuance of their higher task. * * * It is only when we are about some higher task, only when they meet us accidents in the service of Christ, that we have a right deliberately to encounter temptation and the chance of sin, and may claim the Lord's promise of immunity." ("Twenty Sermons," p. 339).

From that day, so very many years ago, Bessie never has been afraid of "catching it" from anybody or anything in pursuance of her duty. It was a beautiful but awe-inspiring experience for her to be prepared by Phillips Brooks for confirmation, because he was not satisfied to know from her mother and from her Sunday School teacher that she was really ready, but he must judge for himself, and, strange to say, he was not an easy judge. He required from all those seeking confirmation evidence that they were having a real religious experience, and a longing to serve and obey Christ, with a true repentance of their

past sins. And on this point he never changed his attitude. He told Bessie's mother that he always hesitated very much about so young a child being confirmed, though he thoroughly believed that the religion of childhood and youth was not only possible, but the normal type of religion. As she had been brought up in a religious atmosphere, her father having been a clergyman, she was better prepared than most children, but up to that time she was the youngest child to be admitted to the Lord's Supper in Trinity Church. Later, all over the country, children of her age were confirmed.

He told Bessie that she must talk to God about her wish to go forward to confirmation, and she replied that she had, and that God knew all about it, and she was afraid that Mr. Brooks might think she ought not to be because she failed so dreadfully often to do what was right, and she had to repent, that is be sorry, so often and yet did the same wrong thing over again; yet perhaps she needed all the strength the Church could give to keep her a faithful soldier of Christ, because though it was so dreadfully hard to obey Christ, it was easy enough to love Him. "You are the only person who never fails to please Christ," she told him, "at least that is what everyone thinks."

"If you are not obedient you can do nothing, Bessie. If you would be strong you must be obedient, for self-will and wanting your own way is weakness, and only obedience is the mastery and strength. You need never live alone, for it is in your power to know and obey God. That is what Christ claims you for. Give yourself to Him more and more completely every day in loving gratitude for what He did for you on the Cross. Follow Him always. I do not know His way for you, Bessie, but I know Him. Do His will, and everything must turn out for the best in your life to make of your character what God intended it should be. I welcome you into the Church, and may the

Holy Spirit live in your heart and make and keep Christ vividly real to you always, and make you dread to offend Him, and delight to please Him, and to do everything just as Jesus would have you do it, and may the Holy Spirit keep you always a faithful soldier and servant of Christ so that God can use you to bring others to Christ and His salvation."

A few years passed and Bessie went to her rector about her brother's "doubts," and how she could best meet them. Mr. Brooks gave her a list of books on Biblical and Scientific Criticism which he said "would even strengthen her own faith because she had a passionate desire for truth (her mother called it 'Being so very literal'), and she really loved and served Christ, besides it was in the path of duty, so that skeptical books could not harm her, but from them she could understand better what was going on in her brother's mind and in the minds of others whom she might help through her own strong faith, and thorough grounding in the reasons for it, for after all it is faith through personality that wins most souls. This was Christ's method, for He taught His truth to His disciples and then told them to go and tell others.

"Christ prepared their personalities to be a fit medium for the communication of His Word. When His treatment of them was complete they stood fused like glass, and able to take God's truth in perfectly on one side and send it out perfectly on the other side of their transparent natures." ("Lectures on Preaching," p. 7).

So that in dealing with unbelief successfully it "will be not he who is most skilful in proving truth or disproving error, but he who is most powerful in strengthening faith in people's lives by the way in which the power of faith is uttered through his own character. * * * And the reassertion of the fact that Christ is Christianity." ("Essays and Addresses," p. 71. The phrase "Christ is Christianity" occurs elsewhere in his writings).

In his talks with Bessie Mr. Brooks said exactly what he said in the pulpit, only condensed, that is, the substance of the subject under discussion. In regard to her brother, he told her in part as follows: Be sure to remember that Christ had always been standing "outside the fast closed door" of her brother's heart, even if her brother had been both deaf and blind to His presence through ignorance, indifference, or from what was the trouble with so many unbelievers and doubters, that they possessed not one particle of a self-sacrificing spirit, but lived for themselves alone, and demanded sight, not faith. Persuade the brother to state what he did believe, and upon that build the present and future faith, for God never wastes anything, but uses the past as the preparation for the future. The Holy Spirit was already in his heart because he was a child of God, created in His likeness, and when the brother recognized God's voice then it would be possible for the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Christ and show them to the brother. Before Christ's Cross he will have to learn to know the Suffering Saviour, for it is Christ's death that saves the world, a fact and not a theory of atonement, and when the brother becomes grafeful for a love "so marvelously shown" it will lead him to long to serve Christ. "To know that the very God of heaven saw a want, a struggle, a longing of our souls after Himself, which was too deep, too obscure, too clouded over with other interests for even us to see ourselves, and came to meet that want with the wonderful manifestation of the incarnation, the atonement. We hear of the marvelous power of the Gospel, and we come to doubt it when we see the multitudes of unsaved men. But it is true. The Gospel is powerful, omnipotent. A truth like this, thoroughly believed, and taken in, must melt the hardest heart and break the most stubborn will. It does not save men simply because it is not taken in, not believed. The Gospel is powerless, just as the medicine

that you keep corked in its vial on the shelf is powerless. If you will not take it, what matters it what marvelous drugs have lent their subtle virtue to it? Believe and thou art saved. Understand and know, and thoroughly take home into your affection and your will, the certain truth that Christ saw your need of Him when you did not know it yourself, and came to help you at a cost past all calculation — really believe this and you must be a new man and be saved." ("Candle of the Lord and Other Sermons," p. 105).

"It was in His incarnation that He became capable of uttering those qualities in which man might be like Him, which men might receive from Him and take into themselves. Think of it. God had stood before men from the first, and they had looked with awe and adoration upon Him throned far above them. They had worshipped Him, they had feared Him, they had loved Him. Now and then some ardent and ambitious spirit soaring to the highest dream of the soul, or some patient and humble nature purified to deeper insight by its humility, had conceived that man ought not only to worship and fear and love God, but to be like God, to reflect in his own obedient nature the perfections that he adored. But how? What was it that he should reflect? What was there in the Deity that could repeat itself in man? Not His majesty, not omnipotence and not omniscience, surely. Men were bewildered, and other vague and impious attempts to match the inimitable glories that belong to divinity, like Eden or Babel; or else reckless discouragement and brutal despair, as if nothing that was in God could be restored in man, as in the countless Sodoms and Gomorrahs of the ancient world — these were the terrible results of the blind craving. Then came the incarnation. Here was God in the flesh. Solemnly, that of the divine which was capable of being wrapped in and of living through the human, was brought close within that wondrous human life lived in a human body. There was

the God we were to imitate, to grow like to, to take into ourselves until He filled us with Himself. It was the incarnate God; it was the God in the flesh that was to enter into man. This was the flesh we were to eat and by which we were to live. * * * Take the yet more wonderful being lying behind the acts of Jesus, all which Jesus was, and see how that, in its perfect consecration, its consecrated perfectness, became clear and imitable to men; how men began to believe that they might be that divine thing too when they saw it in the incarnate God, in Christ; and then, I think, you can understand something of how only in the flesh could God thus present Himself for the most intimate entrance into man; so can know something of what Jesus meant when he bade the hungry human soul eat of His flesh. * * * You look on high and God is too mighty. You look close by your side and Jesus Christ, the God incarnate, has the very words you need: 'He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me and I in him.' 'This is the bread that came down from heaven.' 'He that eateth of this bread shall live forever.' Then there is nothing left but to cry, 'Come, come Lord Jesus.' But there is one thing more that I must say. This giving of His own flesh for our food is always spoken of in connection with the great sacrifice of the flesh in which He gave it for us. There is always this asssociation between the reception of the strength of the incarnate Christ and His crucifixion in which He willingly gave Himself up that He might furnish that strength to His people forever. The great Christian sacrament, which embodies this idea of which we have been treating, the idea of the feeding of the soul upon the flesh of Christ, is all filled full of memories of the agony in which the flesh was offered. What does this mean? Does it not mean this—that however man longs for his God; however man sees that in the incarnate Christ there is the God he needs and

whom his nature was made to receive; it is only when man sees that Divine Being suffering for him, only when he stands by the Cross and beholds the love in the agony, that his hungry nature is able to take the food it needs, that is so freely offered? The flesh must be broken before we can take it. This is what Christ says, and the histories of thousands of souls have borne their witness to it, that it is the suffering Saviour in His suffering that saves the soul. * * * It is the death of Christ that saves the world." ("Candle of the Lord and Other Sermons," portions of pages 247, 249. Published in 1881).

The last quotation is given because it represents to Bessie what Phillips Brooks taught her in preparation for confirmation, and is the substance of many of his Wednesday lectures, and those just before the first Sunday in the month when he prepared his people for the Holy Communion. He also taught her never to worry if she failed in helping those in trouble spiritually or mentally, that is, if the truth and the faith by which she tried to live did not help others, although as far as arguments can make a friend believe, "it does not help him in the least. He gets out of it nothing. And bye and bye you begin to feel where the difficulty is. *He brings to the intellectual conception no spiritual condition which can summon forth its virtues. He has no craving after higher company, no hungry need of God, no high perception of the possibility of man. No self, rich, and at the same time needy, with all these, does he give to the sublime truth of the incarnation, and so it gives nothing back to him.*" ("Sermons Preached in English Churches," pp. 280, 281).

To Phillips Brooks the "teaching of the Christian religion, in its largest statement, is the bringing of the life of Christ into the life of man. * * * I am sure, if we could trace it, that the degree of the best feeling of various people toward various ministers would correspond very exactly

with the degree to which those different ministers realized themselves, and made real to their people the first great truth of Christianity, that Christianity is Christ." ("Essays and Addresses," in article "The Teaching of Religion," delivered at the Divinity School of Yale University, February 28, 1878, p. 44).

The Communion Service at Trinity Church was a very impressive sight, for neither organ nor choir stalls were then in the chancel; the choir of a quartet and mixed voices sat in the west gallery, where also the organ was played, therefore there was no confusion in the enormous crowd going up en masse to the Lord's Table, as there was plenty of room to go up and then to return to one's seat. The communicants surrounded the Lord's Table, only kneeling instead of reclining, as was done when Christ instituted the Lord's Supper. No boy or any kind of surpliced choir was seen in Trinity, except, of course, the procession of surpliced clergy now and then, till the Rev. E. Winchester Donald, who succeeded Dr. Brooks as rector, could no longer resist the demand for them. The surpliced clergy came into the chancel through the door leading from the robing room, which was walled up when the choir stalls were put in. Thus the Church changes its methods to help the people worship God, because it is and always has been a TEACHING CHURCH, and as the Church was thoroughly organized before the New Testament was written, we hold, and this is a fundamental principle, that the Church was designed by our Lord to be the TEACHER of faith and practice, and that she is divinely guided in this function. We hold, therefore, that her faith constitutes a needed key to the teaching of Holy Scripture—the disregard of which we think is the true explanation of the wide divergence of Protestant bodies in their doctrine and practices. The Church to teach and the Bible to prove.

CHAPTER IV

FREDERICK AND ARTHUR BROOKS · THE BOSTON FIRE · THE OLD AND THE NEW TRINITY CHURCH

MR. BROOKS made it a rule to dine with his father and mother every Sunday, and after Dr. Vinton's return to Boston as rector of Emmanuel Church, he spent the rest of the evening with Dr. Vinton, after he had preached his third sermon, for of course he was free to preach for others on those evenings of the Church year when there were only morning and afternoon services in Trinity.

How rejoiced his mother's heart must have been to see before her eyes three of her sons priests in God's House at the ordination of Arthur in old Trinity in 1870. To St. Paul's Church belongs the honor of giving to the ministry both Phillips and Frederick, but it was Trinity that gave Arthur and John. It would be interesting to know how many of our clergy owe to Phillips Brooks the incentive to give their lives to the ministry, and how many from Trinity parish since 1869 have become special messengers of the Church.

Arthur resembled Phillips in appearance and size very strongly, and both looked like their mother. Arthur was a fine preacher, an ideal pastor, and had high administrative ability. He would have been considered one of our great men if he had not been eclipsed by his celebrated brother. The Sunday after Easter Phillips usually exchanged pulpits with him, and we could almost imagine it was Phillips himself preaching to us. A few years later

John, the youngest son, was ordained, being the fourth Brooks boy to give himself to our Church in the service of Christ.

What a painfully keen blow was the second break by death in this wonderfully united family—when Frederick died suddenly as he was crossing the bridge over the Charles River one dark night. He had been on an errand of mercy, and on his way home to his mother's, where he was staying, he got off the train at East Cambridge because it was a short-cut home, and then he fell through the draw and was drowned. His body was not found till five days later, on September 20, 1874. He had been in great demand during his short life as a minister by those who appreciated thus early the sterling qualities of his character.

The historic Boston Fire occurred in November, 1872, about eight o'clock on a Saturday night. Street after street in the business and ancient residential district, and block after block burned like a Fourth of July bonfire. It was a heart rending but magnificent sight. Thousands were thrown out of work, and many of Boston's best and proudest citizens were reduced to practical poverty in a night. Sixty-five acres were burned over, causing a loss on buildings of $12,745,000 and on merchandise $38,434,000. The fire department was seriously handicapped at the outset by a delay in getting apparatus to the point of danger. For almost a week before the fire a strange disease known as "epizootic" had prevailed in Boston, and hardly a horse escaped its attack. The street railway service and teaming were almost entirely suspended, and scarcely a vehicle was seen upon the streets unless drawn by oxen. The fire department had received orders not to use horses in responding to alarms, and it was not an uncommon sight to see an engine or ladder truck being hauled through the streets by 100 or 150 men and boys who cheerfully manned the ropes that had been provided for the emer-

gency. Another reason why the fire got beyond control of the department was because of the insufficient supply of water. In Summer, Franklin and adjacent streets there were only six-inch pipes. These had been ample when these sections were devoted to private residences, but were inadequate for the changed conditions after the streets were given up to business.

The buildings around the firm of C. F. Hovey & Co. were burned, but that firm escaped because many of their employees formed a fire brigade of their own and kept the roof and sides thoroughly wet at the risk of their lives, and the firemen were not allowed to enter at all. Dear old Trinity, almost opposite this firm on Summer Street, was attacked by the fire in the rear and was soon ablaze inside and out, except her grand old tower, which refused to budge and thus added a picturesqueness to the scene of desolation. Trinity Church burned in as stately a way as she had lived since being built in 1829, and in the building of which the writer's grandfather and great uncle were very active members of the parish, and many years later when the grandfather became an invalid the vestry meetings were held in his home until he became too ill to have them there. The first Trinity Church in Boston was built in 1734, and the writer's maternal ancestor, Rebecca, daughter of Jeremy Gridley, was a member of it. The first King's Chapel had been erected in 1689, and was just what its name implied, the official church of the representatives of the government of His Majesty King George II, and became greatly disliked by those Christians who were not in communion with the Church of England. During the American Revolution Trinity Church stayed open for worship by omitting the petitions for King George III and the royal family, while a few of the other Episcopal Churches in New England closed their doors rather than to stop praying for the rulers of the country which gave

them birth and the home of the Church that had nurtured them.

After long struggles with bigotry and prejudices of one kind and another the Massachusetts Constitution was adopted in 1780 to the end that this Commonwealth should be "a government of laws and of men." And that no man shall be disturbed for worshipping God according to his conscience, and in the eleventh amendment, that all religious sects and denominations shall be equally under the protection of the law, and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established.

Immediately after the Boston Fire, Huntington Lecture Hall in the Lowell Institute, seating about one thousand persons, was engaged for Sunday services. The new Trinity Church in Copley Square was not finished for more than four years. The building of it brought out the fact that Phillips Brooks might have been a first class architect had he chosen that profession, and there are many of his own individual ideas embedded in the beautiful structure. He originated the motives that dominated the edifice, and he stimulated and supported the genius of the great architect, Richardson. He possessed the complete confidence of the building committee and of the members of the parish, who manifested it by the unstinted generosity in responding promptly to his increasing appeals for more and more money to glorify and beautify God's House. He had a most extraordinary love of color which Richardson satisfied by his proposal that Trinity Church should be made glorious by the richest effects of color that the best artists could produce. Mr. John La Farge had charge of it, with competent assistants, but his special work was confined to the inside roof and walls of the grand central tower.

In February, 1877, the new Trinity Church was consecrated, being the third building since the organization of Trinity parish, before A. D. 1734. The architect charac-

terized the plan of the Church as "a Latin cross with a semi-circular apse added to the eastern arm." A free rendering of the French Romanesque of about the eleventh century. It has come to be looked upon widely as in a certain sense a memorial church to Phillips Brooks. This fact was recognized in the following words placed upon the records of the Church immediately after his death, and which were written by the late Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, referring to the hope expressed in Bishop Brooks' will that the front the church building might be speedily completed:

"Whatever other monuments or memorials may be suggested or adopted, and for which there is abundant occasion and ample room, it is for the wardens and vestry and proprietors of Trinity Church to see to the immediate fulfillment of this hope of Bishop Brooks. The grand and massive building will then stand as his noblest and worthiest monument, while his memory will be gratefully and affectionately cherished by those who have been associated in it with him, and by all who shall enter and occupy it in years which cannot be numbered."

CHAPTER V

THE BRITISH CHURCH · THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH · GREAT CHURCHMEN

IT should be remembered that "the English Church, from British days to our own, has been independent of, even when in full communion with the Roman See; in Galatian origin; in Gallican orders and liturgy; in the strong link TWICE FASTENED, THROUGH LYONS AND ARLES, WITH EPHESUS AND ST. JOHN, and in the striking facts that Ninian, her first missionary, and Aidan, the restorer of St. Augustine's ruined work, and Germanus, the defender of the Faith against Pelagius, all came, with NO MISSION AND NO AUTHORITY FROM ROME. * * * Founded and flourishing in the very days when the Bishops of Rome claimed only local and suburbicarian jurisdiction, she was, like every ancient, independent Church, UNROMAN. At the time of her founding, Rome itself was virtually a Greek Church." ("The Church in the British Isles," Lecture by William C. Doane, pp. 24, 21).

The great Lightfoot states that "the Christianity of Gaul was in some sense the daughter of the Christianity of Asia Minor. Of the history of the Gallican Churches before the middle of the second century we have no certain information. * * * The connection between the southern parts of Gaul and the western districts of Asia Minor had been intimate from the very remote times. Gaul was indebted for her earliest civilization to her Greek settlements like Marseilles, which had been colonized from Asia Minor some six centuries before the Christian era; and close rela-

tions appear to have been maintained even to the latest times. During the Roman period the people of Marseilles still spoke the Greek language familiarly along with the vernacular Celtic of the native population and the official Latin of the dominant power. When, therefore, Christianity had established her headquarters in Asia Minor, it was not unnatural that the Gospel should flow in the same channels which had already conducted the civilization and the commerce of the Asiatic Greeks westward. * * *

"At any rate, whatever we may think of the antecedent probabilities the fact itself can hardly be disputed. In the year A. D. 177, under Marcus Aurelius, a severe persecution broke out on the banks of the Rhone in the cities of Vienne and Lyons—a persecution which by its extent and character bears a noble testimony to the vitality of the Churches in those places. To this incident we owe the earliest extant historical notice of Christianity in Gaul. A contemporary record of the martyrdoms on this occasion is preserved in the form of a letter from the persecuted Churches, addressed to 'the brethren that are in Asia and Phrygia.' The communities thus addressed, it will be observed, belong to the district in which St. John's influence was predominant, and which produced all the writers of his school. * * * The very fact of their addressing the communication to those distant Churches shows the closeness of the ties which connected the Christians in Gaul with their Asiatic brethren. * * * Among these martyrs the most conspicuous was Pothinus, the aged Bishop of Lyons, who was more than ninety years old when he suffered. * * * Whether an Asiatic Greek or not, he must have been a growing boy when St. John died; and through him the Churches of Southern Gaul, when they first appear in the full light of history, are linked with the Apostolic age." (Lightfoot).

It was the famous Irenæus who became the second

Bishop of Lyons by succeeding Bishop Pothinus, who was martyred. Southern Gaul was "Greek and Oriental as much as Roman, and remained so till the Middle Ages; a fact which we shall do well carefully to note for future reference." In Mr. Green's "The Making of England," the vast distinction is made between British Christianity and English Christianity.

"The Christianity of the Angles and Saxons dates from Augustine, and was derived from Rome. British Christianity was the Christianity of the Britons; it existed here ages before Augustine, and must have been derived immediately from Gaul. This, if I am not mistaken, is far from being the ordinary view; people usually think that pagan darkness covered England and Ireland alike till St. Patrick came in the fifth century and converted Ireland, which enjoyed the light of the Gospel for a century and a half before England, where it did not penetrate till the beginning of the seventh century. Such, I say, is the ordinary view, due simply to ignorance of such an ordinary authority as 'Bede's History of the English Nation.' During the first two centuries we have no certain records of any Christian effort in England. * * * More attention is due to the alleged conversion of some noble Britons at Rome about the time of Paul's first visit. Tacitus tells us, in his Annals (XIII, 32), that Pomponia Græcina was the wife of Aulus Plautius, the first real conqueror of Britain, about the years 42-47 A. D. She was accused, about the year 57, of holding a 'foreign superstition,' and was delivered over to the judgment of her husband, who very naturally acquitted her. The 'foreign superstition' had been identified with Christianity, and with good reason, as the excavations and investigations of De Rossi at Rome have proved." (Lightfoot).

"British Christianity does not, however, appear in history till the fourth century. The British Church is seen fully organized at the Synod of Arles, in A. D. 314, when three

Metropolitan bishops signed the acts of the Council-Eborius, of York; Restititus, of London; and Adolfus, of Caerleon-on-Usk, representing the three great centres of Roman life in Britain. The fourth century showed not merely the organization, it also proved the life and vigor of the British Church. * * * British bishops were probably present at Nice in 325, and at Sardica in 347. They were certainly present at the Arian Council at Arimium in 359, where the British bishops displayed their independence of imperial influence by refusing the public allowance for their maintenance."

"The British Churches of the fourth century took the keenest interest in Church controversies. They opposed Arianism, but hesitated, like many others, about the use of the word. * * * The British Church, indeed, of this period proved its interest in theological questions by the most vigorous and satisfactory of proofs. It produced a heretic. Pelagius, the founder of the Pelagian heresy, and the antagonist of Augustine, is said to have been a Welshman, whose British name was Morgan. By the close of the fourth century, Christianity must have prevailed universally among the British Celts. This is evident from the simple fact that the Celtic population which retired in the fifth and following centuries before the conquering Saxons were all of them Christians. In 411 Britain was conquered by the Saxons and Angles and cut off from the world, and again British Christianity owed its continued existence to a mission from Gaul, not Rome."

"Christianity was probably brought into Britain between the years 176 and 208, for Irenæus, writing in 176 of the number of Christian lands, does not mention Britain, while Tertullian, writing about 208, the year of the expedition of Severus against the tribes of the North, says, somewhat rhetorically, that the Gospel had found its way into parts of BRITAIN WHICH WERE CLOSED

TO THE ROMANS. It doubtless came hither from Gaul, and its coming may well have been a result of the persecutions which, in 177, fell upon the Christians of Lyons and Vienne and the country about them, for there are many traces of a close connection between the Churches of Gaul and Britain, and some indications of a special connection between Britain and the Churches of Lyons and Vienne."

"Ethelbert had been for thirty years king of Kent, and he had married Bertha, the daughter of a Frankish king, promising that she should be allowed the practice of her religion as a CHRISTIAN, her CHAPLAIN BEING THE FRANKISH BISHOP LIUDHARD. IT WAS AFTER EASTER IN THE YEAR 597 that missionaries landed on the isle of Thanet; and in the Ascension week, by permission of the King, they came to Canterbury. Outside the city stood the little church of St. Martin's where St. Martin's Church stands today, the Roman brick in its walls testifying to the great antiquity of a part at least of its structure, once the worshipping-place of a Christian congregation, then the chapel of a Christian queen. * * * Soon Ethelbert himself was baptized; and the conversion of Teutonic England began, just as Columbia, the great missionary of Celtic Britain, was breathing his last. Augustine brought with him, undoubtedly, the belief which was growing more and more on the Italian Church in his time, that all bishops and Churches owed allegiance to the See of Rome; and he found stern and STEADY RESISTANCE ON THE PART OF THE BRITISH BISHOPS AND CHRISTIANS TO THIS CLAIM. That resistance lasted on and on, involving questions not ONLY OF KEEPING EASTER, BUT OF THE METHOD OF BAPTISM, AND THE WHOLE MATTER OF JURISDICTION." (Quotations are from "Ireland

and the Celtic Church," by Stokes; Bosworth, "Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels," preface; Samuel Hart, "The Church in the British Isles"; Hunt, Introductory to his "English Church.").

The earliest services of the Church of England held in this country were at Jamestown, Virginia, in May and June, 1607, by the Rev. Robert Hunt, chaplain to the company of "Gentlemen Adventurers" who settled Virginia. The Church of England was established by law in the colony. In 1672 a patent was prepared by Sir Orlando Bridgemen, under authority from King Charles II "in council," for a Bishop of Virginia, who was to exercise jurisdiction over all the colonies except New England. Drafts of the patent with blanks left for the name of the future bishop are in the archives of the Diocese of London and All Souls College, Oxford. It was intended that the Rev. Alexander Murray, a companion of the exiled King Charles, would have been named as bishop had not the rising tide of revolt against English oppression made it impossible for even the English Church to dictate any longer to the strong American Church, and after the Revolution Virginia chose her own bishop. Thus the American Episcopal Church traces her descent from Christ and His Apostles through the "Church of England," to which she has declared herself "indebted, under God, for her first foundation and a long continuance of nursing care and protection," and from which, in the preface to her Book of Common Prayer, she had formally declared that she is "far from intending to depart in any essential point of doctrine, discipline or worship."

Is the Episcopal Church Protestant or Catholic? "The Episcopal Church is both Protestant and Catholic. She is Catholic in that she is a living branch of the Church planted by Jesus Christ our Lord. She is Catholic in that she traces her lineage through the Church of England back to Christ and His Apostles, to the Church of the Living God, the

pillar and ground of the truth. She is Catholic in that she holds inviolate the Catholic creeds of the Church, the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, as based upon most certain warrants of Holy Scripture. She is Catholic in that she has maintained the historic ministry of the Church, the ministry of bishops, priests and deacons. And she is Catholic in that she holds forth and administers the sacraments ordained by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the apostolic rite of Confirmation."

"And she is Protestant in that she protests against error in doctrine and in life, whether the error be ancient or modern. She is Protestant because she believes in the sufficiency of Holy Scripture, so that whatever is not read therein, nor proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith or thought necessary to salvation. She is Protestant in that she holds it unlawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's Word written. She is Protestant in protesting against the defects and assumptions, doctrinal and organic, of Protestantism and the excesses and presumptions, doctrinal and structural, of Romanism. She is Protestant as the Catholic Church of the first centuries was Protestant in protesting against the narrowness and exclusiveness of Judaism and the error and evil of Paganism. But the Episcopal Church is equally the friend of the Romanist and the Protestant. She would give the hand of fellowship to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, whatever may be the banner under which they are fighting against the world, the flesh, and the devil; and she would unite them against the common enemy of God and man. So I end as I began: The Episcopal Church is both Protestant and Catholic; Catholic for every truth of God and Protestant against error of man." ("The Living Church" of April 8, 1916, p. 816).

The Episcopal Church in America has a "written Con-

stitution that is binding upon bishops, clergy and laity alike. The collective Episcopate of this Church has deliberately consented to that Constitution and to the enactment of canons under it, and each individual bishop has solemnly promised 'conformity and obedience' to that body of law as chiefly constituting the 'Discipline' of the Protestant Episcopal Church. So though no doubt it is true that 'no authority is vested in the canons of the Church apart from the consent of the Episcopate,' the Episcopate has given its consent to all the canons that this Church has ever enacted and each member of the Episcopate has promised obedience to them. * * * If the Anglican position taken at the Reformation had any permanent value at all it is that the 'authority of God touching matters spiritual' is vested in the collective Episcopate and not in a single bishop. * * * Let no one suppose we are taking a 'low' view of the Episcopate. Rather are we trying to clear away the obstructions which stand in the way of general acceptance of the historic Episcopate. We Churchmen must recognize and correct the abuses of Episcopal authority. It was this 'prelatical' view of episcopal functions which led to the total repudiation of all episcopacy by English nonconformity, and until we can purge our Episcopate of it, we cannot disarm the objections that are raised to the system. * * * The opportunity to be pastor of his people is practically withdrawn from a bishop who deems himself, rather than the Church and the collective Episcopate, to be the law-maker for his diocese. ("Living Church" editorial, p. 910, April 29, 1916).

At Jamestown, Virginia, in 1614, in the Episcopal Church, that is, the Church of England, Pocahontas was baptized and afterwards married to John Rolfe, and the Baptismal and Marriage services used were the same services, with a few verbal changes, that are used today in our Prayer Book. After the destruction of the first church

building, a second one was built on the same site, and in it the first free government upon this continent was set up in 1619 at a meeting of the representatives of one thousand colonists chosen by universal suffrage, being the first Congress on American soil. This took place one year before the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth, thus representative government, universal suffrage, and trial by jury were in full operation in America before the Pilgrims left their homes to sail across the Atlantic Ocean to find a place where they could enjoy religious and political liberty. A third and larger church was built of brick on Jamestown Island in 1639, and its tower, now remaining, is the oldest piece of Christian masonry in the United States.

In the early days the Episcopal Church was the nursery of American Independence, but it was also the Church home of the Loyalists and of the English Governors, and its rectors had been educated either at Oxford or Cambridge, so that to the rank and file of New England colonists the Episcopal Church became identified with the King of England and Oppression. Yet it was from an Episcopal Church on Salem Street, Boston, commonly called by tourists "The Old North Church," erected in 1723, that two Episcopalians, Robert Newmen and John Pulling, hung out the famous lanterns which led to the first bloodshed of the American Revolution on Lexington Green. In another Episcopal Church (St. John's), in Richmond, Virginia, Patrick Henry exclaimed dramatically: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

There were five great founders of this Republic: Washington, the father of his country; Madison, the father of the Constitution; Jefferson, the writer of the Declaration of Independence; and Hamilton, the real maker of the Government, its "political entity," and of these five men all but Jefferson were Episcopalians. Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, thirty-six, or nearly two-

thirds, were Episcopalians, two of whom were Massachusetts men. Twenty-seven signers of the Constitution of the United States were Episcopalians. This word is used with intention, as it is the custom nowadays for many Christians outside of the Episcopal Church to call themselves Churchmen, a term they once scorned as much as they once derided and despised the term "Church," preferring to call their places of worship "Meeting-houses" for fear they might be accused of pro-Roman Catholicism. Nor is the term Holy Catholic Church used because it seems as if that great name should be finally applied exclusively to the whole Body of Christ when divided Christianity will have become one in Christ and then when the nine-tenths of all Christians in the whole world who will profess, as they do today, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," they will mean not only the invisible Body of Christ, but the visible organization of all believers in, followers of, and workers for Christ.

Another Episcopalian, Richard Henry Lee, introduced the famous resolution in the Continental Congress that "these colonists are and of right ought to be, free and independent states," which was the first formal act of American Independence. It was another member of the Episcopal Church, Peyton Randolph, who presided over the first Continental Congress that drew up the Declaration of Rights, and the other documents which Lord Chatham declared were unsurpassed by any State papers ever composed in any age or country. The Declaration of Independence, written by Jefferson, was reported to the Continental Congress by Benjamin Harrison, another Virginian Episcopalian. The first chaplain of the Continental Congress was Rev. Jaboc Duché, and the first chaplain of the United States Congress after Independence had been declared was the Rev. William White, both Churchmen, the latter afterwards becoming the first Bishop of the Episcopal

Church in Pennsylvania. Benjamin Franklin was baptized in the Episcopal Church, and it was he who revised the Prayer Book for his own use, leaving out all the glorifying of, and prayers for, the royal family of England, and in one of his well known letters Franklin urges his daughter to attend the Episcopal Church. The Constitution of the American Episcopal Church was drawn up in the same room, in the same Independence Hall in Philadelphia in which had been drawn up the Constitution of the United States, and they are very much alike in principle.

Phillips Brooks delivered a wonderful sermon on the Prayer Book which he repeated on various occasions, and in which he said that the Prayer Book had the same power as the Bible to meet all ages and to adapt itself to all sorts and conditions of people, and to withstand all kinds of "Higher Criticism" because it contained great Christian principles of reverent religious worship and of communion between God and man, and that as other Churches began to appreciate even its literary value the Prayer Book would gradually claim their love and devotion as a grand product of the Christian ages.

"To those ministers, laymen, and theological students who turned to Phillips Brooks with their doubts as to whether they had a right to remain in the Church, and who quoted the language of this or that churchman of the day, his unfailing answer was, 'Why do you listen to him? No one man or group of men is the authoritative interpreter of the Church's standards. Look to your Prayer Book, what do you find there? Study it, interpret it by the history of the Church, and then and not till then make your decision.' No churchman of his generation had a deeper, more intelligent, more loyal devotion to the Prayer Book than Phillips Brooks. It was to him as were the Scriptures, not a book of legal bondage, but of spiritual liberty." (Bishop Lawrence, "A Study of Phillips Brooks," p. 46, 47.)

"All the world's history is ecclesiastical history, is the story of the success and failure, the advance and hinderance of the ideal humanity, the Church of the living God. * * * Among all the philosophies of history where is there one that matches with this simple story that man is the child of God, forever drawn to his Father, beaten back from Him by base waves of passion, sure to come to Him in the end. There is no philosophy of history which has been written like the Parable of the Prodigal Son." ("Light of the World and Other Sermons," portions of pp. 16, 18, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 1890).

"Jesus Christ comes and preaches the Gospel of the Kingdom, and manifests the life of God. He stands with His shining nature upon the hill of the truth He has to preach. He is lifted up, by and by, in the fulness of His self-sacrifice upon His cross. Toward His light, soul after soul is drawn out of the darkness. Into the power of His self-sacrifice one life after another is summoned out of its discontent. It is all personal and individual at first. 'As many as receive Him to them gives He power to become the sons of God.' It is this man and that man that is summoned. The light shines through this window and finds one laborer at his work. It smiles in through the smoke of some boisterous revel and fills some generous heart with shame. It smiles upon some dreamer and turns his dream into a purpose. It is all personal and individual. 'Follow Me, follow Me,' and Matthew leaves his tax-table standing in the street; and the sons of Zebedee pull hastily in over the blue water to give themselves to the Master who has called them from the shore. And what comes next? Why, the most natural thing in all the world—that which must always come when single men believe the same truth, or are driven on by the same impulse. When did a host of scholars ever sit at the same teacher's feet and not become a school? When did a host of separate soldiers go each

to fight the same enemy and not be drawn into an army? When were a multitude of atoms ever filled with one magnetism, and not brought into magnetic communion with each other? All the individual believers in, and followers of, Christ, become one in their common loyalty and love. And so out of the crowd of disciples comes the Church. By and by a change approaches. The fountain out of which the Church life visibly has sprung, the Master who has called each of these disciples audibly to Himself, is just about to vanish from their sight. He is to be still to each of them, and to each of those who shall come after them, the same which He has always been. Still, with His unseen presence, He is to give His separate summons to every soul. The unity of His believers to the end of time is still to have the secret of its existence in the personal relation between each of them and Him. To help this invisible relation to realize itself and not to be all lost in the unseen, the gracious kindness of the Master provides two symbols which thenceforth became the pledges at once of the personal believer's belonging to the Lord, and of the belonging of believers to each other. The sacraments are set like gems to hold the Church into its precious unity. * * * We value and love our communion very deeply. * * * When we deliberately turn our backs for a moment upon all these rich and sweet associations, and ask ourselves in colder and more deliberate considerations, why it is that we believe in our Episcopal Church, and rejoice to commend her to our fellow-countrymen and fellow-men; the answer which I find myself giving is that our Church seems to me to be truly trying to realize this relation to the whole world, this sacredness of all life, this belonging of all men to the Church of Christ, which, as I have been saying, is the great truth of active Christianity. I find the signs of such an effort in the very things for which some people fear or blame our Church. I

find it in the importance which she gives to Baptism and in the breadth of her conception of that rite; for Baptism is the strongest visible assertion of this truth. I find it in her simplicity of doctrine. I find it in the value which she sets on worship; her constant summons to all men not merely to be preached to, but to pray; her firm belief in the ability and right of all men to offer prayer to God. I find it in her strong historic spirit, her sense of union with the ages. * * * Her breadth of doctrine, her devoutness and her clear hold upon the long history of human life, all these qualify her for a great work in bringing up humanity, and making it know itself for what it is, the true universal Church of the Living God, toward which all ecclesiastical establishments which have thus far existed in the world, have been attempts, of which they have been preparatory studies. * * * My friends, it is not possible for the true man to think of his Church without thinking of his country. * * * We are glad indeed that our Church is not the only church which is labouring for the land's (America's) salvation. We rejoice in all that our brother Christians of other names are doing; but we believe in the work which our Church has to do. * * * Far, far away we see the Nation-church, the land all full of Christ, the Nation-church, a true part of the World-church, issuing into glorious life and swallowing up our small ecclesiasticisms, as the sun grandly climbing up the heavens swallows up the scattered rays which he sent out at his rising. And full of that vision, we are ready to do what we can to make our Church strong for the work which it must do in preparation for that day!" ("Twenty Sermons," portions of pp. 55, 56, 59. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1886).

CHAPTER VI

THE ORATOR · THE POINT OF CONTACT OR APPERCEPTION

WHEN he preached to us he plunged into his subject as if it were a visible message from heaven, and he made it seem so tremendously vital and reasonable as he presented it, and at the same time so sublime, that we were entranced and then filled with the desire and will power to carry out immediately his comprehension of God's will for us and life's duties as they touched each one of us individually. Such sublime and heavenly teaching seemed ordinarily far beyond the reach of us every-day mortals, but if he said we could reach those heights why of course it must be true, and by God's grace we would try to do it. What he preached and taught always had an authoritative and final stamp on it, like a deed of one's house, and his great faith and inexhaustible enthusiasm carried us along so swiftly that when he stopped it seemed as if he had only just begun, and we almost rose en masse to our feet to beg him to go on forever.

In all Mr. Brooks said the central thought was Christ crucified, "the hope of glory; whom we proclaim, admonishing every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ." (Colossians 1 : 27, 28). In spite of the flying speed with which words and sentences followed each other from his lips, the clearness, like a cameo, of all his statements and wealth of descriptions, the keenness of presentation, and his marvelous apperception, not only getting in touch with every one of his listeners, but the gripping of their hearts literally

compelled us to grasp his message, dull of heart and brain as many of us were. His voice added greatly to his message, for it was a delight to the ear, so musical, sympathetic and tender, and had great carrying power and strength to penetrate our hearts and intellects. Yet no written words can convey to those who never heard him the uniqueness of this great Christian orator, nor can they understand the wealth of personality, the greatness, the simplicity, the sincerity of the man from his written words, but they can get his message, and after all that is the most important part of him, especially as in all his life one of the most impressive characteristics of Phillips Brooks was his power of turning one's thought away from his own wonderful personality to Christ his Master, for he was a perfect medium through whom God's message could be transmitted to mankind; a great witness to the power of the Gospel.

At a meeting in honor of Robert Browning, in Boston, he was among the speakers, and each man bore testimony to the greatness of Browning as a poet and fellow-man; then came Mr. Brooks' turn to speak, and he called the attention of the critical audience immediately to the source, the spring of Browning's greatness as a poet and man which was his faith in Jesus Christ, thus Phillips Brooks was always testifying to the power of Christ.

He was so difficult to report that no two stenographers would have recognized their own notes as having been taken on the same occasion. Mr. Brooks was often annoyed and chagrined by the many false reports of what he had said. He could recognize his subject and a few words of his own here and there, but the rest would be a hodgepodge of what he really had said.

The following quotation, cut from "The Boston Transcript," voices the general feeling of thousands of persons who have been helped spiritually by Phillips Brooks.

"To the Editor of the 'Transcript':

"May I add a few words, though they are too feeble to convey my meaning, to what so many other friends have written, in efforts to describe the great man and dear friend whom we have lost.

"The grandeur, the simplicity, the loveliness of his character have been spoken of exquisitely by his many friends. His fiery love of truth and his fearless courage all those who knew him felt profoundly. His hatred of dissimulation, his intense dislike of flattery and his mysterious modesty, his noble scorn of anything mean or miserly, his swift impatience to have any good purpose speedily accomplished, all these and many other grand qualities were parts of his being.

"But Nature had endowed him more nobly, with mental faculties excelling those of most men, even as his gigantic stature towered among them all.

"Powers of imagination, so keen and brilliant that his descriptions of all the spiritual struggles of all sorts of different people, or of all our hopes of things in heaven, surpassed in vividness the realities of other men.

"Sympathy, instant and unfailing, tender as a woman's, added a yet more precious power to his preaching, and made his friendship or his consolation an unspeakable privilege. This part of his nature it was that made him delight in close contact with the life of great cities, or to speak to the common people who packed Faneuil Hall to listen to his words, and that took him down to the floor, when it was over, to press his hand with theirs. This it was that made him an inspiration to every charitable movement of our time; so that no meeting of a Young Men's Christian Union or Association, or Kindergarten for the Blind, or Associated Charities, or Workingmen's Institute, and so on through the list, was complete unless Phillips Brooks was there to pour out the grandest thoughts about

the work in hand in inspired exhortation, even if only in a few minutes, to close with at least some words of mighty benediction, to send the workers bounding forward and upward in their work. No wonder that the charitable energies of Boston have been nobly directed. Long may the powers working to make our city purer and happier be guided by his spirit of wisdom and of love. Long may his passionate appeals for foreign missions, for the slave, the Chinese, the blind or the sick or any form of suffering, ring in our ears and be passed on from soul to soul.

"What man can we think of whose love for every varying need, for the whole brotherhood of mankind, has been so warm, so quick, so wide, so noble!

"I name these qualities of superb intellect, brilliant imagination, tenderest sympathy in the ascending order of their excellence as I felt their force.

"But the culminating glory of his nature, that wherein lay the secret of his transcendent power as a preacher, surpassing all other men of our times was this — that on the side toward God the fleshly wall of partition was so thin that his soul looked right through into heaven and saw his Heavenly Father and felt His love and the love of Jesus in the midst of the great communion of saints. All this in marvelous degree was so near and real to him that he preached it with divine force, filled with inspiration and radiant with the love of our Great Brother, as he delighted to call our Saviour.

"Who can forget, that ever heard, towards the close of some afternoon extempore address, his soul pour itself out in a vision of what heaven was to be? These were the times when the glory of his preaching culminated. Instruction, exhortation, appeal, were over. His soul seemed to look into heaven and see our Saviour welcoming us to a Father's love and to the happy company of the holy men of all ages, rejoicing in the glories of immortal life. In words

blazing with fire or melted in exquisite tenderness or radiant with hope and changing quickly from one emotion to another, often with his head thrown back and eyes on high as piercing through the veil, his great figure would rise and dilate to its utmost majesty, as he threw his arms wide open with that mighty gesture of loving invitation, and then his face would melt into that angel smile of tenderness, never seen by some of us on any other mortal face, and gathering the whole energies of his kingly being into some supreme vision, he swept his vast audience with his mighty inspiration through the open gates of heaven into the visible presence of God.

"Here was the power which, illuminating all his other grand qualities, made him the greatest preacher of our times, and forced him, all unconscious of himself, to pour out his life in unceasing devotion to every need of man, himself the noblest man of this generation." (Signed by Mr. Robert Treat Paine, and dated January 29, 1893).

The following editorial, cut from "The Boston Transcript" of November 20, 1915, twenty-three years later, shows that the deep impression Phillips Brooks made was still a living memory to newspaper men, who themselves have a far-reaching influence upon mankind:

"Phillips Brooks was one of the most majestic, the most personally impressive and the most vital man that ever lived. Nature endowed him with titanic proportions, and these proportions he seemed to increase when his words poured forth in swift and vivid utterance. * * * His eminence in this city and this country, his intimate association with Boston through birth, inheritance and education, his long connection with Trinity Church, his brilliantly achieved episcopate, in which he came as nearly as any man could to being the shepherd of all, richly entitle his name to the highest memorial honors."

A less great sculptor could have given a portrait of

Phillips Brooks in bronze, but only a great genius could grasp and give to the world that through which the world could realize at a glance the *character of great personality and what he stood for in the community and in the world.* St. Gaudens tried at first to separate Christ and His Cross from Phillips Brooks by conceiving that an angel figure floating round or angels near him would render complete what Phillips Brooks stood for, but after reading his sermons the sculptor was compelled by his love of truth, honesty and beauty to show to the world that the Christ was dead and yet alive for evermore, and from everlasting had filled the whole life of Phillips Brooks. And this wonderful memorial by St. Gaudens was presented by the CITIZENS OF BOSTON TO TRINITY CHURCH on January 22, 1910.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAKING OF CHARACTER · UNITARIANISM MIRACLES · MOTHER'S JUDGMENT

IN 1877 he delivered his "Lectures on Preaching," and in 1879 he gave his lectures entitled "The Influence of Jesus," both of which are largely autobiographical, and have since become manuals for the clergy and theological students of the Christian world. As literature they connect the pulpit with real, vital, Spirit-quickening life. Although in "The Influence of Jesus" Mr. Brooks is more impersonal than in the other book, still it is a wonderful revelation of Phillips Brooks himself.

He officiated on many memorable occasions in the history of Boston, but he drew a sharp line between religious and civic sermons, and he allowed nothing to interfere with his profession of teaching the Christian religion, not even the most tempting offers, such as to make himself at home in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." Without identifying himself with any special cause outside his life work he gave his support and encouragement to those philanthropic societies which secured the greatest good to humanity. Among all these activities his heart went out to the cause of the children and young people. The colleges claimed his attention also, and he took a Bible class in Harvard; he also preached in Appleton Chapel regularly after 1873. As a member of the State Board of Education he visited annually the normal schools of Massachusetts and preached many times in the various colleges, for he considered that the question of education was a vital problem for the pulpit because its aim was the making of character. He

gave himself whole-heartedly and completely to every cause he championed.

He loved man vastly more than he loved nature; he loved the city much more than the country, for he knew that nature was made for man, and that mankind was not made for nature. However beautiful and wondrous were the visible heavens and earth and all the great planets and stars, and the depths of the oceans, MAN was the Crown of all, so that to him a view of nothing but chimney pots was vastly superior, nay, more beautiful than a glorious view anywhere of mountains, ocean or valley, because the chimney pots represented MAN for whom Christ died.

Some people thought that he preached, lectured and talked by a kind of intuition and without preparation, and some even thought he knew nothing of modern Biblical criticism because he never mentioned certain current, prominent writers in his public utterances, but made the Truth so plain that we were all impressed by it. For all his work, as has already been said, he made enormous preparation, studying hard and wide. His Note books and Outlines revealed how prodigious a student he was of all ancient and modern scholarship. Dr. Allen gives a list of some of the "Higher Critics" with whom Mr. Brooks was as familiar as a thorough knowledge of the foreign languages in which most of them were written could make him, and he owned many of their books in his own library in Boston. In his frequent visits to England and to Europe he chose visiting particularly the University towns. The years of the seventies were alive with materialism, fatalism, pessimism and agnosticism, and with vigorous denunciations of dogmas and Church doctrines and allegiance, and the denunciators never hesitated to use an untruth, or a half truth to make their point, and as for ridicule they heaped it up so high that it became ridiculously funny and missed fire. In Boston one could find a sample of most any of the "isms"

known to exist in the world, so in his Wednesday evening lectures Phillips Brooks discussed, among other things, religious theories and theological opinions by proving and emphasizing the TRUTH.

The Unitarians complained "that he assumed that as sinners we must not only repent, but rely upon Christ's atoning blood." (Allen, II, p. 120).

His lectures on the life of Christ were deep and inexhaustible in their variety. He also took up every part of the Prayer Book, giving us wonderful, illuminating insight on most every sentence in it, taking them in groups. Another year his lectures would be on the history of the Church, and again on the history of the Bible. The Psalms seemed written by living men after he taught us about them. He believed in teaching children the Church Catechism, for he had been thoroughly trained by his mother in its teaching, beginning when he was four years old, and "when he came to years of discretion he ratified his MOTHER'S JUDGMENT, and in his manhood rejoiced in his lot among the churches." (Allen, II, p. 514).

Mr. Brooks never thought of the world as swinging in empty space, but full of unseen forces. In his sermon entitled "Unseen Spiritual Helpers" he says he hoped that "we shall see a great restoral of healthy belief in spiritual presences." In another sermon he says: "A thousand things seem dreamlike to the great majority of men which by and by are going to be known as great moving powers of the world." (Volume VI, p. 79, "The Mystery of Iniquity" sermon).

When he preached at Oxford in 1885 he was presented to the audience "as a defender of the Catholic faith." He was always in great demand when he visited England, preaching at the University of Cambridge also, and in Westminster Abbey, and he was the first American deemed worthy to be invited to preach before the Queen.

When asked if he did not dread it, he replied, "Why should I, I have often preached before my mother." He would have been killed by English kindness if he had accepted one tenth of the invitations which poured in on him. Among the few invitations he did accept was one to see Tennyson in his own home. He thoroughly enjoyed meeting Gladstone, Browning, Jean Ingelow, Matthew Arnold, Burns-Jones, William Morris and many more of England's celebrities.

Mr. Brooks seldom talked of his friends abroad, except of Dean Stanley, Tennyson and Browning. He felt a kindred spirit in Robert Browning, for, like himself, Browning had a talent for nonsense, was gay and amusing in society, and never alluded to the serious problems of life nor took the social public into his confidence, but reserved all the deep problems of life for his books. Both Browning and Brooks, who taught the deepest things that the soul of man is capable of receiving, erected a barrier between their souls and the prying eyes of the public by their talent for nonsense in little things. Mr. Brooks' naturally deep reserve was intensified by the daily tributes of admiration, and even adulation, which he received. Sometimes he would sit through a dinner without saying more than a word or two, but generally he was the life of the party.

The Rev. Leighton Parks once asked Phillips Brooks if he thought the claim of Unitarianism that it was leading religious thought and that liberal theology was on its way to Unitarianism had any truth in it. He answered: "The spray that is cast on the shore may claim that it is dragging the ocean after it, but we know that it is only the effect of a mighty movement, which it does not understand." ("The Theology of Phillips Brooks," by Dr. Parks. Published in 1894 by Damrell and Upham).

To a letter from Rev. C. A. L. Richards, asking in

regard to a current report that Mr. Brooks had surrendered his faith in the miracle, he wrote:

"Boston, March 22, 1884.

"What a curious question! No, I have not 'surrendered the miraculous element in the New Testament,' nor do I 'believe Jesus the natural son of Joseph and Mary,' nor do I 'think Stopford Brooke needlessly withdrew from the Church of England,' and points like these. Who on earth can be the man who cares what I think about these things."

Another letter written by Mr. Brooks and quoted by Mr. Allen on the same page, is as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Mercer:

"I must thank you in a single hurried word for your kindness in sending me the account of Stopford Brooke's sermon. I differ from him very deeply. To me the Incarnation and the miracles which Christ Jesus is said to have wrought seem sublimely reasonable and contradicted by no knowledge of man or of the world which God has given us. I believe that they are true historically and most natural philosophically." (Allen. II, p. 548).

"He is recalled at this time as once entering his study, where friends were waiting for him, throwing his hat across the room indignantly, and refusing to talk. It appeared that he had just come from a conversation on the street with a clergyman of another denomination, who quietly ASSUMED that he did not believe the creeds he was in the habit of reciting. He had broken out in moral wrath against the man and against his assumption, asking him if he realized the meaning of what he was saying. To a clergyman who had published a statement to the effect that Mr. Brooks no longer believed in the tenets of his creed, he wrote an emphatic letter, saying plainly that the statement was untrue. This difficulty which he encountered might afford opportunity for a curious psychological study. People wanted him to believe as they did. It shook their

faith in their own position if it were shown that he did not. Hence they ASSUMED the agreement. They were unwilling to accept his denial. They apologized for him on the ground that he could not know himself on such points." (Allen, II, p. 548).

At this time Mr. Brooks was forty-eight years old, and he lived to be fifty-seven, so he could not be accused of being too young to know his own mind. Most of the Unitarians whom the writer has met within the past ten years take another tack and say that "he would have been a Unitarian if he had lived longer." Which is like the English mother of the boy whose father was an American, and who tried to explain to her son one evening when he was studying his American history lesson, to be recited the next day in one of our Public Grammar Schools, that the English would have won in the Revolutionary Period and in 1812 if so and so had happened. "But, mother," objected her son, "what might have been is not history."

"The doctrine of the Trinity is a protest against the hard, tight personalness of the conception of God, * * * and an attempt to give richness, variety, mystery, internal relation, abundance, and freedom to the ideas of God. Unitarianism has got the notion of God as tight and individual as it is possible to make it, and is dying of its meager Deity." (From an Essay given at the Clericus Club, April 5, 1886, and published in the book entitled "Essays and Addresses by Phillips Brooks," page 157).

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEATH OF FATHER AND MOTHER · THE RINGING OF THE RECTORY BELL

WHEN Mr. Brooks returned from his vacation abroad in September, 1877, he set up housekeeping at 175 Marlborough Street, and he was dreadfully disappointed to find that his parents refused to live with him; or in fact with any of the Brooks boys. His mother refused any such invitation on principle, and had left Boston to pass her remaining years in the old homestead in North Andover.

The General Convention was held in Boston in October, but Mr. Brooks was unable to attend because he had "slow fever," and found some difficulty in walking. In the following spring, for the season of Lent, he asked the Proprietors of Trinity Church for permission to hold Sunday evening services with all seats free, and the Church was literally packed full of people; in fact as many as could be crowded in attended all three Sunday services, and he preached almost always; and at the Morning Service his custom was to read a written sermon. This was also the custom of Canon Liddon, England's greatest preacher. Mr. Brooks put his soul into the Daily Lenten Services, which were inaugurated in 1882 in Trinity Church, but used earlier in many other Episcopal Churches, and today increasingly used by the Denominations.

During the summer of 1878 his father and mother visited Mr. Brooks at Hingham, and his tenderness, thoughtfulness and utter devotion were beautiful to witness, but the climate did not agree with his father, so his parents returned to the dryer, softer air of North Andover. Grad-

ually the illness of his father became more serious, till his body and mind failed, and his spirit fled on January 7, 1879.

Mr. Brooks felt the death of his father keenly, for it seemed to him as if his father had been more of the ideal father than any other boys had ever had, for his life had been a happy, healthy, true, manly Christian life for boys to witness daily, and he had spread around them an atmosphere in which it was possible for his children's religious life to grow and expand. In the "Influence of Jesus" Phillips Brooks has written about the true relationship between father and son in this world and in the next, and of how the "earthly kinships are the symbol of the heavenly reality."

The dearest mother in all the world only survived her husband a few days longer than a year, passing to her happiness on February 1, 1880. Dr. Brooks' grief was vastly greater and deeper for his mother than for his father, for his life and happiness had revolved around his mother; she had been the hub of his universe, and all his life he had dreaded the loss of her. He now felt an awful cavity in his heart and daily life, and he thought of so many things about which his first thought was, how would his mother think about it, and what would she say, and so many times just her silences were full of golden sympathy. What a joy it would be to see her once more, and this time forever in the everlasting life. He went over and over again, as we all do when deep grief grips us, his life with his mother; he went way back to the beginning when he was first consciously open to her influence and fathomless love. Both his father and mother illustrated the beauty of death, the fusing of this life into the life beyond, "the new life which she had begun seems only the continuation and fulfilment of the life on earth which we know and loved so well," he wrote to a friend. In one of his sermons he speaks beautifully and practically of how we can keep the

purity, color and glory of family life today. He reminds us of how Christ "bids His disciples make way for the MOTHERS bringing HIM THEIR CHILDREN; so He finds in *household life an image of the everlasting Father's willingness to hear His people's prayer.*"

Mr. Brooks had looked forward to being married as a completer earthly life, and among his early verses are some exquisite love poems. After his mother's death he became intensely lonely at times, as the unsatisfied home instinct grew deeper with advancing years, especially in the evening when he returned after some engagement and found no friend there to welcome him or who *needed* him. The popular reverence for him kept many of his friends away, for they thought they had no right to take up too much of his valuable time, and it created an atmosphere in which he seemed to live apart from ordinary men in spite of everything he could do or say to prevent it, and this increased his feeling of loneliness. Yet the popular faith in his power to heal and to help was drawn upon without the slightest hesitation by all sorts and conditions of people, rich and poor alike, whether they knew him or not, whether they had ever even heard him preach or speak in public or not. They simply turned to him as naturally as the flowers turn to the sun, in any crisis in their lives of which they could see no solution, or which seemed to be too heavy a burden to be borne; the thought of one and all being: We 'll ask Phillips Brooks, he 'll know what to do and he 'll help us. People of all faiths and of no faith never failed to find him ready and happy to help them, utterly regardless of his own health, time and strength which were being drained so constantly and continuously. Friends who visited him for several weeks at a time in the rectory were astonished at the constant ringing of the door bell, which averaged once in every five minutes. They remonstrated with him and begged him to have stated

times to see people or to see them by appointment, but he steadfastly refused, saying that the people came to see him personally and that perhaps the hours which would be convenient for him would not suit them at all, besides when people were in trouble they were not likely to be thinking of convenient times and seasons for getting advice, comfort and help, but needed it at that moment when they sought it or they would not come; another time might be too late, not the psychological moment when he could help them the best and the quickest out of their trouble, or to bear their trials. He never hesitated to keep his friends waiting to see him at the rectory, even by special appointment, if some poor colored man or woman needed him in the hospital, or some sick woman or child needed him, or there was an unexpected call for the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for any parisioner unable to attend the Service in the Church.

A working man and his wife called one evening because the next day the man must have an operation performed, and he needed spiritual help to carry him through the ordeal; though neither the man nor his wife knew Mr. Brooks, or had the faintest claim upon him, they were received and comforted and the next day Mr. Brooks remained at the hospital during the operation. There are thousands of persons who could testify to the personal help, not money, which Mr. Brooks gave them without stint or measure, half of whom were not members of Trinity parish. To be sure, such incidents are common, every-day occurences in an active Christian ministry, yet the point is this, that "the people" claimed Phillips Brooks as their very own, as if he belonged to them alone, he, the greatest man of his generation, he, whose presence on any occasion meant its success, he, the marvelous preacher, the scholar, the leading citizen, whose friendship was the brightest jewel of one's life, had time to devote to "the people" who had

no personal claim upon him except they were God's children. His wonderful gift of consolation grew by using it constantly, and of course some of those rings every five minutes on the door bell of the rectory were in connection with his parish. When members of his parish were sick he went to see them regularly once a week, sometimes two and three times, till they were either well or dead, no matter how many years either ending might require.

He had the gift of making his dwelling-place homelike no matter where he lived. Signs of shiftlessness annoyed him, and his house was scrupulously neat and in perfect order. He gave his orders for its management and for the daily meals every morning, and he knew exactly what he wanted. He was very careful to answer all his letters promptly. He had his mother's bed altered to fit his proportions and used it ever afterwards. Upon one occasion when the Bishop was to address the clergy in St. Paul's Church, he took his mother's Prayer Book with him and used it, sitting in the pew which the Brooks family sat in while attending St. Paul's Church. At another time he preached in St. Paul's Church and he had the same curious sensations that he always had when he had occasion to preach there, as if he was the very tall boy over in pew 60 and the preaching minister at the same time.

In those days Trinity Church was institutional, for it carried on numberless activities outside of the usual work of a parish, and Mr. Brooks showed remarkable administrative abilities, and it is "the testimony of Bishop Lawrence, than whom no one is more competent to speak, that Phillips Brooks excelled in executive ability. * * * A business man in Philadelphia, one of his former parishioners, had said of him that he was capable of taking charge of the largest business corporation in the country, and that if he gave his mind to such work he could not be excelled in efficiency." (Allen, II, p. 887).

Our Industrial, Employment and Visiting Societies worked for the poor, and have been working for more than half a century. The Indian Association aided in righting the wrongs of the Indians of America. The Zenana Mission supported a missionary in Calcutta, and the Zenana Band was specially interested in the women of India. Trinity Club was a social organization of the young men of the parish who were expected to exercise a friendly and religious influence upon the community. The Parish Library had wielded an influence for good for many years. The Rachel Allen Memorial for aged women of the parish, who had no one who could give them a home, but who might pay something for their support in a comfortable home. The Girls' Friendly Society stood for purity of life among young girls, and for general usefulness. Trinity House, including Burroughs Place and elsewhere, did enormous good in its Day Nursery, Employment Bureau and Laundry, and in its many Industrial classes for women and children, which stood for education in the duties and principles of home life, and included gardening.

Our Bible Classes were well known for their faithful study of the Bible and kindred subjects, and for their splendid work for Missions. Groups of women contributed largely to the work of the Massachusetts Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, besides all that the men gave to all kinds of work, making the contribution of Trinity parish to the various activities of the whole Church a very important step towards the hastening of the coming of the Kingdom of God on this earth.

There was also the St. Andrew Mission to be supported with money, time and strength. The present writer and her brother were active little workers in its predecessor on Charles Street, near the "Jail." It was then called St. John the Evangelist, and changed to St. Andrew when it moved into its spacious quarters on Chambers Street. In addition

to the societies of a similar nature, like the Industrial Classes mentioned above, there were two unique charities connected with St. Andrew Mission, the Vincent Memorial Hospital and the Trinity Dispensary. In the latter four physicians gave their advice free, and the medicine sold at the lowest possible price. The Vincent Memorial Hospital has always done first class work, and rejoiced to extend its usefulness when it was able to move into its commodious quarters near its sister hospitals.

Mr. Brooks was intensely interested in the Sunday Schools of Trinity and St. Andrew, though he allowed our assistant ministers to instruct his teachers in an extra Bible Class. His own teaching being reserved for Wednesday evenings and during Lents. Every boy and girl in Trinity felt he was their own particular friend and rector, for he seemed to know every one of them, and that was a great draft on his memory, for our Sunday Schools were very large. In the building of Trinity Church Mr. Brooks had stipulated that the north gallery should be reserved for the Sunday School children whose parents did not own a pew, so they would not get the idea that the Sunday School was the Children's Church, nor would they have any excuse for being rude to God by being late to the services in God's own House. When some of the teachers gave annual dinners or suppers to the members of their Sunday School classes Dr. Brooks loved to attend them, and felt quite hurt if his teachers thought he was too busy to be invited.

Ministers of all denominations, and parents, wrote to him to look after the welfare of their boys and girls who were in Boston or its vicinity to study. His pastoral activity and influence were extended to the higher institutions of learning. Yale University was the first to claim him for an address to the students. Cornell, Harvard, Williams, Princeton, Lee University of Virginia, Johns Hopkins, and others asked his presence to influence the young men.

To the Institute of Technology he almost seemed to have an official relationship, so close and so deep did he cherish it. For Groton School he wrote the School Hymn, and the boys claimed him as their very own. He told the Harvard boys that "the ministry was the noblest and most glorious calling to which a man can give himself." (Allen, II, p. 802).

A Boston newspaper recorded as an item of news: "It was a rainy day when things looked dark and lowering, but Phillips Brooks came down Newspaper Row and all was right." Hundreds of such sayings were current and household words. His photograph was in many homes all over this country; one would find them in the most unexpected places. For instance, a gentleman and his wife visited Saratoga Springs for the first time, and upon arriving took a carriage and asked to be driven to a certain small hotel which had been highly recommended by Boston friends. Instead of taking them to the place specified the driver took them to another house and announced that it was the hotel asked for. As there was no outside name and the couple were unsupicious, they alighted and went in and were given a pleasant room, in which was the usual card telling about the number of bell rings, and on it was the name of the hotel. The gentleman turned in wrath, ready to descend to the office and to slay the proprietor with words for being apparently in collusion with the carriage drivers to deceive the unwary, when his eyes fell upon a good picture of Phillips Brooks, and that settled it; he accepted his defeat gracefully, for he said the "hotel must be all right or it would not have his picture on its walls."

The saying of Phillips Brooks that "he was not good enough when on his vacation to do without going twice to Church on Sundays" influenced many a stay-at-home to try to go at least once on Sundays to Church, and not to leave their religion behind them in summer, or during vacations.

CHAPTER IX

THE DECISION OF THE PEOPLE · THE BISHOP "FOREVER WITH THE LORD"

THE call to Harvard to be the Professor of Christian Ethics made a tremendous stir in Boston, regardless of creed, race or color. The rich and the poor, the slums and the Back Bay united in keeping Phillips Brooks rector of Trinity Church in the spring of 1881, and he found to his great amazement that he was not to decide for himself, but the people were to do it for him, and they did. From all parts of the country, also from all classes of people, he received hundreds and hundreds of letters, and only one out of every eleven wanted him to accept the professorship at Harvard. And yet in going to Harvard he would have escaped the glare and turmoil of the popularity, and adulation sometimes, which he hated, and he might have given to the world some wonderful books on Christian Ethics, because he would have had the time to have written them.

Scholars, statesmen, thinkers, lawyers, physicians, business men, masters of all trades and masters of none, closest friends and total strangers united, like the voice of the people on presidential election days, to prevent Phillips Brooks from leaving Trinity. They poured out their very hearts to him and to the newspapers, it was, in fact, a deep soul-full eulogy because the love for, and devotion to, Phillips Brooks rested on sure and eternal foundations, for he was the deliverer raised up and trained by God to defend the Faith against those destroyers who came in sheep's clothing but were inwardly ravening wolves. Christ said

there "shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and they shall show signs and wonders that they may lead astray, if possible, the elect. But take ye heed; behold, I have told you all things beforehand." (Mark 13:22, 23). And they have not God's Word abiding in them, and they believe not Christ, yet they search the Scriptures that bear witness of Christ and His redemptive work, and had they believed Moses they would have believed Christ, for he wrote of Christ, but if they believed not Moses' writing how shall they believe Christ's words. (St. John 5:38, 46, 47).

Bishop Lawrence, in his short "Study of Phillips Brooks," states the experience of thousands when he wrote: "The climax of his powers, the finest illustration of his lifelong character — *that of turning men from himself to Christ, from the preacher to the Master.* During his life he received such adulation as has been the lot of few men; and since his death he has been held in tender memory by thousands. His name is still heard in the homes, the colleges, the jails, and hospitals, but whenever his name is spoken, whenever his figure comes to memory, there is *always in the background, uplifted, dominant and living, the form and spirit of his Master, Christ, the eye and thought instinctively turn from one to the other.*" (Page 50).

In his Lenten Services for 1888 he preached Christ so emphatically and stressed His presence in us and His power over all our lives so deeply that it seemed to us as if Mr. Brooks were delivering *a spoken message from a visible Christ to us.* On Wednesday evenings he spoke of Christ in the social life of the day, what we now call Social Christianity, and its practical methods in social service, and on Friday afternoons he taught us again about the Litany. In his Saturday evening Bible Class for men he had studied the Psalms and had proved how only a

great personality could have expressed such deep and wonderful experiences of the soul as are found in the Psalms of David, which added to the history of David's life show him to have been one of the world's greatest men.

We see how naturally Phillips Brooks took his place in the long line of great bishops who have given their lives to Christ and his Church, even his enemies admitted it after his death, All great men, nay, even men and women of any strong Christian character have enemies, unless there is something wrong with their religion, for active Christianity makes enemies as it interferes with the unholy profits of those who have not thought of anyone but themselves, and the same is true in the region of the mind, for "there are always those who are not conscious of the Church's historic comprehension of different types of thought."

Bishop Brooks set a killing pace of work, for when he became Bishop of Massachusetts he still had us of Trinity on his hands and heart, and was called by those who were sick or in trouble or in joy, such as being married, for naturally the rector who had seen them grow up was wanted to officiate at the weddings. The rectory where he still lived was open more than ever to the whole of Massachusetts as a matter of course, and to whomsoever from other States wanted to apply. And the clergy poured into his sympathetic ears and helpful heart all their troubles and difficulties as never before. Candidates for the ministry were disappointed to find him such a very rigid canonist, especially those from the denominations who had misunderstood his attitude toward the Church of God, and had assumed an easy entrance into the American Episcopal Church. He believed in government by both Church and State, and in carrying out not only the letter of the law but its spirit.

During the first eight months of being bishop he made

a "larger number of visitations than any other bishop in the American Church, or I believe in Christian history, ever did in the same length of time. Through the pressure of friends he had a stenographer, but he could not bring himself to close his door from early morning to late night to anybody, and the stream continued throughout the day. * * * He was ready to do the preaching and make the visitations (Confirmations), but the social pressure, and the pressure of unnecessary duties and unreasonable people, wore him out. I have said, and I believe, that it would have been almost impossible for him radically to change his methods and system. It was part of his nature to see everybody who wanted to see him and to help everybody who wanted help. Without that radical change, he must have gone under in a few years, as he did at the end of fifteen months." (Bishop Lawrence).

In "The Boston Transcript" for January 27, 1893, pages 8 and 9, are the following words in a letter written by Mr. Herbert Radclyffe, and dated January 24, 1893: "This glorious man in the performance of his duty extended an influence upon the souls of men and women that drew them up to the higher standards of life where he dwelt. I have seen him exert this marvelous influence on many occasions, but the one I shall always remember was where, as bishop of the diocese, he was administering the holy rite of confirmation in one of the mission churches of this city (Boston). * * * It was a crowd of toilers, men and women alike. How earnest the responses; what reverence, what calm religious zeal pervaded the place as the Bishop uttered the Lord's Prayer and the people joined in it! * * * It was there I witnessed a scene that was a demonstration of this glorious Christian's power — the indefinable something I have referred to. It was as he stood behind the rail administering the rite of confirmation, laying his hands upon the head of the suppliant and saying the

few simple words of confirmation. What was there in his manner, his tone, his soul-utterance that caused everyone to be held spellbound, following him as he bent down in benediction, and as he raised his noble face to heaven to plead that the Good Shepherd keep this member of the flock in the fold? I have seen the ceremony hundreds of times, but never in its completeness before. * * * I was not the only one affected. The scene comes to me as vividly as then — the hushed held-breath absorption of the congregation to the Bishop behind the rail, and he, unconscious as it were of them, but actively doing his Master's work, doing it as I had never seen it done before. * * * I asked those in my company as we walked away if they had been similarly influenced, * * * and I found the four of us were of one mind. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. I have seen great sights in my life. I have seen all England welcoming the young Danish princess to her English home; the return of the Guards from the Crimea. The great heart of the people throbbed on these occasions as I have never seen it since. I saw Napoleon and Paris welcome his African troops on their return from the desert fields of battle; I have seen Grant, Sherman and Blaine welcomed; I have witnessed the thrilling effect of war standards, with strips of the national colors still clinging to them, carried in the streets crowded with people; I have heard the noble Wendell Phillips electrifying an audience in his greatest oration in the Old South; I have heard the polished, gracious Devens, the sarcastic Ingalls, the irony of Conkling, the polish of Sumner, the home-touch of Dickens, the high breeding of Lowell and the wit of genial Holmes — but what are these in memory to the touch of the divine I witnessed in the little Church that Sabbath eve when the spirit of Easter was abroad and the typical lily symbolized the season! It was that something that this great man possessed which made a

pathway for him, as it were, in our crowded streets where others would be jostled; it turned cold eyes into those aglow with love; it changed stern faces of absorbed business men into those of sympathetic Christians; it transformed the selfish pomposity of the nouveau riche into humble concern for humanity; it broke up the ice of arctic conventionality with its rays of warm sympathy and love for all, and made this man something more than human in the eyes of many."

During this great part of the life of Phillips Brooks he never forgot his mother. He had grown to look much more like her and he often spoke of her and said he wished that he might hear again the sound of her voice speaking to him.

The New Year of 1893 began with the wonderful Watch Night Service in Trinity Church, and on the following days he was administering his diocese. On Saturday, January 14, he preached at the consecration of a Church in East Boston. A window was open in the roof which could not be closed, and the cold winter air blew in on the heads of those present. Coming back in the ferry he complained of feeling cold. On Sunday he was ill but insisted upon going to Hyde Park, where he officiated, and then he drove in an open sleigh to Dedham. On Monday morning a friend who called on him was terribly struck with his altered appearance, but he greeted him as if nothing were the matter.

On Tuesday, the seventeenth of January, Bishop Brooks confirmed a class at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, although his throat troubled him and he still had a severe cold. His brother William went home with him and stayed till eleven o'clock. He was in a very happy mood and made light of his illness. The next day he walked out, and in the evening went to a choir rehearsal and dinner in Newton, where he made his last address

with great difficulty. During the night his throat grew much worse, and in the morning was considerably swollen. He sent for the doctor, who told him that he must keep in bed to prevent him from taking more cold and to avoid a chill, but that he had only an "old-fashioned sore throat."

In the morning and evening of Thursday "William" saw the Bishop. The doctor was there and made the same report, but that night the Bishop was very restless, so that in the morning, afternoon and evening of Friday and the following days Mr. and Mrs. William Brooks and their daughter Gertrude saw the Bishop constantly, and kept in touch with the physician, who always spoke favorably and hopefully of the Bishop's illness. As he objected to having a trained nurse, and as the "Faithful Katie" and one of the other servants had been trained by his dear mother and knew how the Bishop wanted things done, and were entirely capable of preparing what he needed, the doctor did not insist upon having a skilled nurse. The Bishop's throat was now more swollen, and he could talk but little and only take liquid food. He continued to read his letters and papers, and with tremendous difficulty even dictated some of his correspondence.

On Saturday evening the Rev. Leighton Parks called, and the "Faithful Katie" told him that the Bishop had been asking for him, so he could go right up to his large bedroom directly over the study. The Bishop was propped up with pillows in his mother's bed, which was completely covered with books—his closest friends. There were also many letters. He was feeling conscience-stricken at his broken engagements, especially at not being able to confirm a class the next day. He told Mr. Parks that he thought he was going to die because he could not eat anything. Then he said: "I came near doing a dreadful thing the other day. I was in East Boston, and suddenly felt as if I must get away from everybody for a little while,

and I went to the Cunard dock and asked if the steamer had sailed. She had been gone about an hour. I believe if she had still been there I should have absconded." (Allen, II, p. 938). Which shows how completely used up he had been feeling, and that a rest at the time he had been guided "to get away from everybody" might have prolonged his life several years.

On Sunday Bishop Brooks did not seem so well, he was weaker and slept more. Still his physician saw no cause for alarm and told "William" that he looked for a good night and hoped to find the Bishop better in the morning. Not so felt the "Faithful Katie," she had not been trained by the Bishop's mother to fail him NOW; she knew that something was radically wrong with the Bishop's health by the "looks of him." She went to his room after his brother had departed to see what she could do for him, but he only wanted some lemonade placed where he could reach it, and after she had brought it to him he told her to go to bed, for she must be tired and he really needed nothing more. "Faithful Katie" bade him good night, and then sat herself down outside his door to keep watch through the night, the last one on earth for Phillips Brooks. Presently she heard him walking about his room and talking to himself, saying a hundred times: "Take me home, I must go home." Katie was so alarmed that she sent a messenger for the Bishop's brother, who came immediately with the doctor and a trained nurse. Then a consulting physician came and both doctors examined him carefully, but still found nothing dangerous the matter with him.

While the physicians were consulting together the two brothers were alone. The Bishop looked up with a heavenly smile and held out his hand. Then he seemed to hear music, for he waved his hand gently as was his custom when hearing music the tune of which he wished

to catch or when humming to himself an unfamiliar tune. He said good night several times at what might have been pauses in the heavenly melodies he was hearing, as if he felt his spirit poising to take its flight. He kept smiling happily, his face brightly illuminated with joy and peace, his wonderful eyes seeing into heaven like St. Stephen's, when he "being full of the Holy Spirit, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Then he fell asleep, but his physical frame was resisting the parting of the spirit, for his body seemed very uncomfortable. At six he woke up and insisted upon getting out of bed, which is a common occurence at such a time. The doctors and nurse guided him to a large rocking-chair, for he was really unconscious, in a few moments his head dropped, he was breathing with immense difficulty; they lifted him back into bed, he breathed a few moments longer, and then his spirit went home to be forever with Christ his Lord.

When the news of his death spread like wildfire, it seemed impossible to believe it, as we felt that such a calamity could not happen, that it could not be true. We were so stunned by the news that we went around asking if it was not some awful mistake, we were so slow in believing such a catastrophe could be true, but when our hearts and brains recovered their power of utterance the English language was not large enough to express what we felt who had known Phillips Brooks personally, nor could the thousands and thousands whom he had reached through his public utterances or through his books, do justice to what they thought of him and to what he had done for them. English printed newspapers all over the world were filled with editorials, letters, special articles and "news," expressing their love and admiration for him. They printed also many of his "Sayings," quotations and selections from his writings and poems, in fact the news-

papers were fairly swamped with letters and "news" about him, for it seemed as if nothing had ever happened before to claim the attention of the whole people like the death of Phillips Brooks.

"The Boston Herald," Friday morning, January 27, 1893, with many illustrations, and also the "Boston Evening Transcript" of the same date, had elaborate and detailed accounts of his funeral, with pages and pages of other material relating to his life. The following account is condensed from the above mentioned "Boston Herald," because it is too good to be lost.

The funeral was as remarkable as the man himself. All Boston mourned his death and turned out to do reverence to his memory. Church and Commonwealth were bound together in the sympathy of sorrow. Boston was chief mourner, but she did not mourn alone. The Church was represented by our bishops and high officials. Other religious bodies sent their most distinguished representatives. The Commonwealth and the municipality of New England, as well as "the people," were drawn together in a common grief. The funeral, though centred in Trinity Church, radiated far beyond those ivy-covered walls. It was as broad as the love and influence of the beloved preacher himself had brought about by his life and teaching. It extended beyond Trinity, which was filled to its utmost capacity, beyond Copley Square, with its 15,000 grief stricken people, beyond the limits of the Episcopal Church he loved so well, to many denominations that gathered for simultaneous services. It extended into the business streets, where stores were closed out of respect to Boston's greatest citizen, and even that heart of trade, the Stock Exchange, ceased to throb during the noon hour. The bells upon the churches and public buildings tolled in solemn unison, and all who listened were silent participants in the last sad rite.

At quarter to eight the casket bearing the Bishop's body was borne from the Rectory, corner of Clarendon and Newbury Streets, to the Church by a guard of the Loyal Legion, of which the Bishop had been chaplain. In the vestibule the body lay in state till twelve, the hour of the funeral service. The casket was hermetically sealed because he had died of diphtheria, but a view of the deceased Bishop was permitted through a heavy glass plate which formed the head of the lid. In death, as in life, the Bishop's grand and beautiful face showed all the strength and peace and holiness that characterized his life among men. His body was robed in his Bishop's vestments, and across the shining white were drawn his arms, the hands lightly clasped. The lower portion of the casket was covered with silken national colors, over which were strewn long palm branches. Overhead and completely hiding the ceiling and walls, was a heavy canopy of black, from under which shone a shaded incandescent light. Between the double files of the Loyal Legion and under the sombre drapery the people passed. Each one of us was permitted to take a full moment's look at the lifeless countenance, till fully 15,000 persons had gazed for the last time on the beautiful face of Phillips Brooks.

The services at Trinity Church were the most remarkable and impressive which have occured within the memory of living man, and can never fade from the memory of those whose sad privilege it was to attend them. The stately ritual in one of the most beautiful Churches in America, the white robed procession of the clergy, the immense concourse of mourning people, the beautiful anthems and solemn hymns, combined to produce a deathless impression. The decorations of the Church were simple, yet expressive. The chancel was a mass of laurel and evergreen, against which shone in white resplendence a magnificent cross of Easter lilies. Wreathes of the same royal blossom

were placed on either hand. The pulpit was swathed in black, upon which appeared a large wreath of carnations. On the book-rest of the pulpit lay an enormous bunch of purple violets. Around the body of the Church was a band of black crêpe, and here and there were placed wreathes of laurel. The effect was impressive without the slightest suggestion of gloom.

At the noon hour the services promptly began. The beautiful melody of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" taking the form of an organ voluntary, sounded in tones of exquisite softness and harmony. The enormous congregation stood up. At the same moment the vestry doors opened and the procession appeared, moving with slow and reverent step to the vestibule, whence it turned and thence proceeded up the central aisle to the chancel. Next was borne the casket on the shoulders of eight Harvard students, all broad-shouldered young giants, who carried their solemn burden with a stately tread. They were followed by the honorary pall-bearers, all men of note and personal friends of the dead Bishop. It was an indescribable spectacle as it moved slowly and solemnly along the broad aisle. When the majestic words of the opening sentence in the ritual, "I am the resurrection and the life," pronounced by Bishop Williams, were heard, the hush was intense, nothing but the voice of the speaker and the measured footfall of the bearers being audible. The casket was reverently placed at the altar steps. Again the solemn notes of the great organ pealed and the choir chanted the Psalm, "Lord, let me know mine end," which is a part of the burial service. The old quartet of Trinity which has so often filled the Church with its music, sung it with exquisite tenderness and pathos. The effect upon the congregation was indescribable. From all over the Church arose the sound of weeping. Women cried undisguisedly, and men of all ranks and conditions of life, clergy and laity, sobbed aloud. Many

who had bravely repressed their emotion until now were unable to restrain themselves longer. It was a universal Miserère, and nothing could have proved so strongly the hold which Bishop Brooks held in the love and affections of the thousands who knew him. Bishop Potter then read the lesson from I. Corinthians 15. Dr. Donald announced the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which was sung feelingly by the choir in the West Gallery and by the congregation. Then the Creed was said reverently by all present, and after the prayers, as the congregation was singing the hymn, "For all saints who from their labor rest," the pall-bearers again took the cloth covered casket upon their shoulders and marched out of Church with the funeral party. The congregation in the Church remained standing while the outdoor service was being held. The casket was placed upon a bier on the front steps, Dr. Donald, and his assistants in surpliced robes, turned and looked out over that great sea of faces and began his reading from Revelation: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Then followed the prayer which was a pæan of thanksgiving for the noble, inspiring, uplifting life of the dead man and preacher, for the lesson he had taught and the good he had done, for his inspiring and reassuring voice, which had brought thousands over to deeper communion with the Creator, and a fuller realization of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man. The Lord's Prayer was then repeated by the whole of the great congregation, and the hymn, "O God our help in ages past," copies of which had been distributed through the crowd, was sung by 20,000 voices to the accompaniment of cornets. The people were then dismissed with the benediction.

The body was taken to Mt. Auburn. Hundreds of persons lined the streets through which the funeral cortege passed, the few stores along the line of march were closed.

At Harvard 2000 students assembled on the campus, while the bells began to toll as the Bishop passed those gates for the last time. Ten deep, with uncovered heads, stood the Harvard boys as the melancholy procession filed slowly through their ranks from the college yard and out by the old gate it passed, and then in silence and filled with sorrow, the great crowd of youths dispersed; for once the exuberant spirits were stilled, and the ready jest and rollicking manner gave place to signs of genuine heart-felt grief for the loss of a friend, perhaps the greatest son Harvard had ever given to the world.

Then slowly to his last resting place, and Phillips Brooks' body was laid near his beloved mother's earthly remains, the mother whose earnest prayers had been so richly answered when her six sons gave themselves to Christ and His service. The voice of the minister broke the stillness of the mourners as the sun sank behind the clouds of night. Then the assembly melted away, leaving all that was mortal of Phillips Brooks in that lonely, narrow, hillside grave.

"We ask ourselves, How shall a life like that be won? And again we must answer as we answered before, By personal allegiance. No other power is large enough and flexible enough at once to make it. Loving obedience, loving obedience is the only atmosphere in which the vision of the general purpose and the faithfulness in special work grow in their true proportion and relation to each other. The distant hills with the glory on their summits and the close meadow where the grass waits for the scythe —they meet completely in the broad kingdom of a loved and obeyed Lord. And who is Lord but Christ! And where but in the soul of him who finds in Christ the worthy revealer of the life's purpose and the sufficient master of every deed shall the great ideals of life and the petty details come harmoniously together! Obey Him, love Him, and nothing is too great, nothing is too little, for

love knows no struggle of great and little. No impulse is too splendid for the simplest task, no task is too simple for the most splendid impulse." ("Light of the World, and Other Sermons," pp. 119, 120).

"Obedience is the only key that can unlock the treasures of nature or of man. Obedience has an absolute power. To the obedient man nothing can refuse its richness. Nature flies open and takes man into her inmost heart. Government opens her arms and surrounds him with her most secure protection. The best men make their goodness as much His as theirs. But if obedience is not there, nothing can take its place; no mere excitement of the taste, no rapturous affection can cover over and change the fact of wilfulness. * * * If you would be strong you must learn to obey. Self-will is weakness; but to find the nature and will of everything that is higher than you are, and bend yourself to it with complete docility, that makes the richest treasure it possesses, yours. O learn to obey, learn to obey. Obedience is the only mastery and strength." ("Twenty Sermons," pp. 305, 306).

"A living Christ, dear friends. * * * Do you believe it? What are you dreary for, O mourner? What are you hesitating for, O worker? What are you fearing death for, O man? Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with Him new lives, high lives, lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion." ("Sermons," p. 227).

LC FT. MEADE
0 018 998 796 1